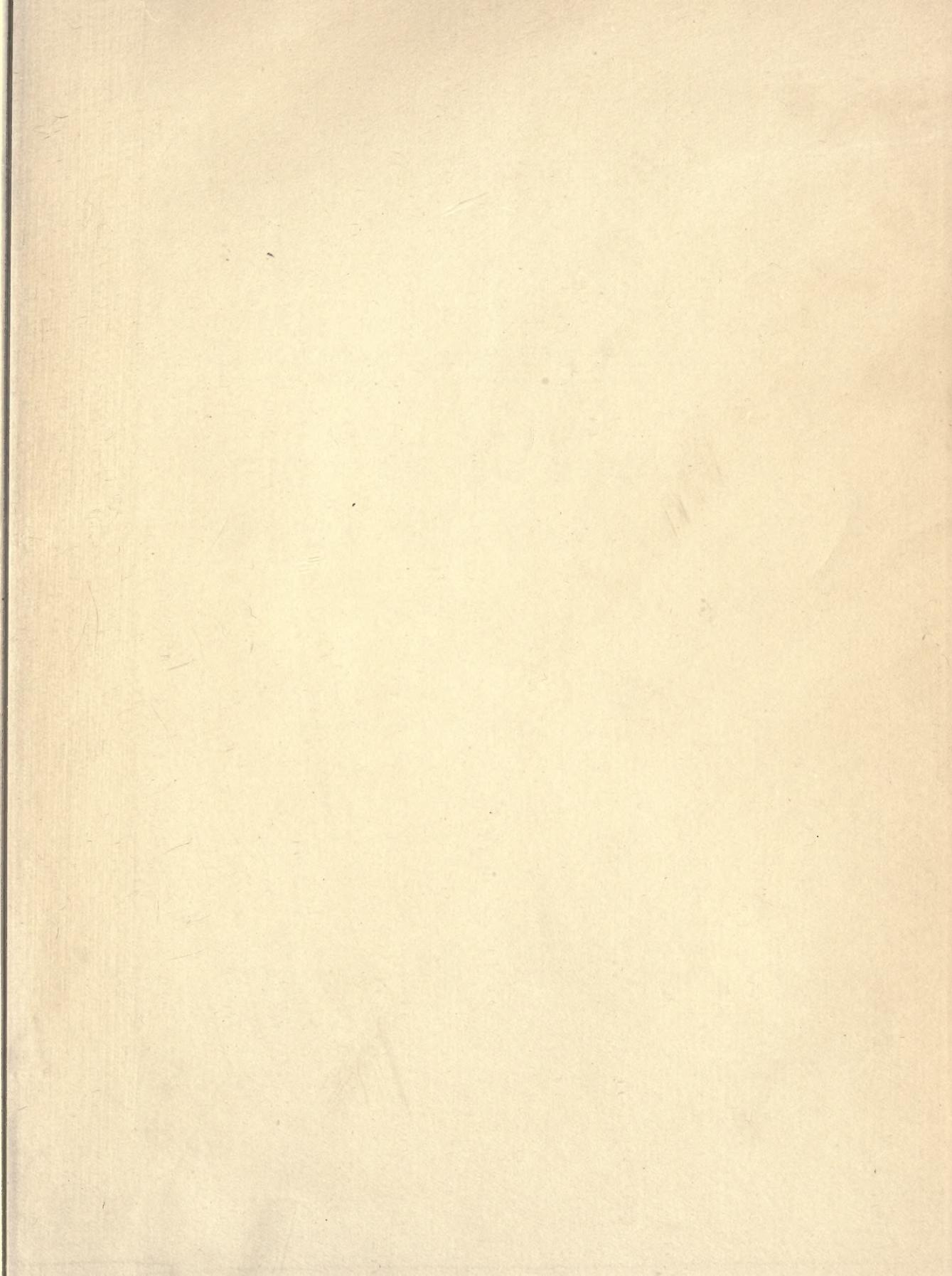


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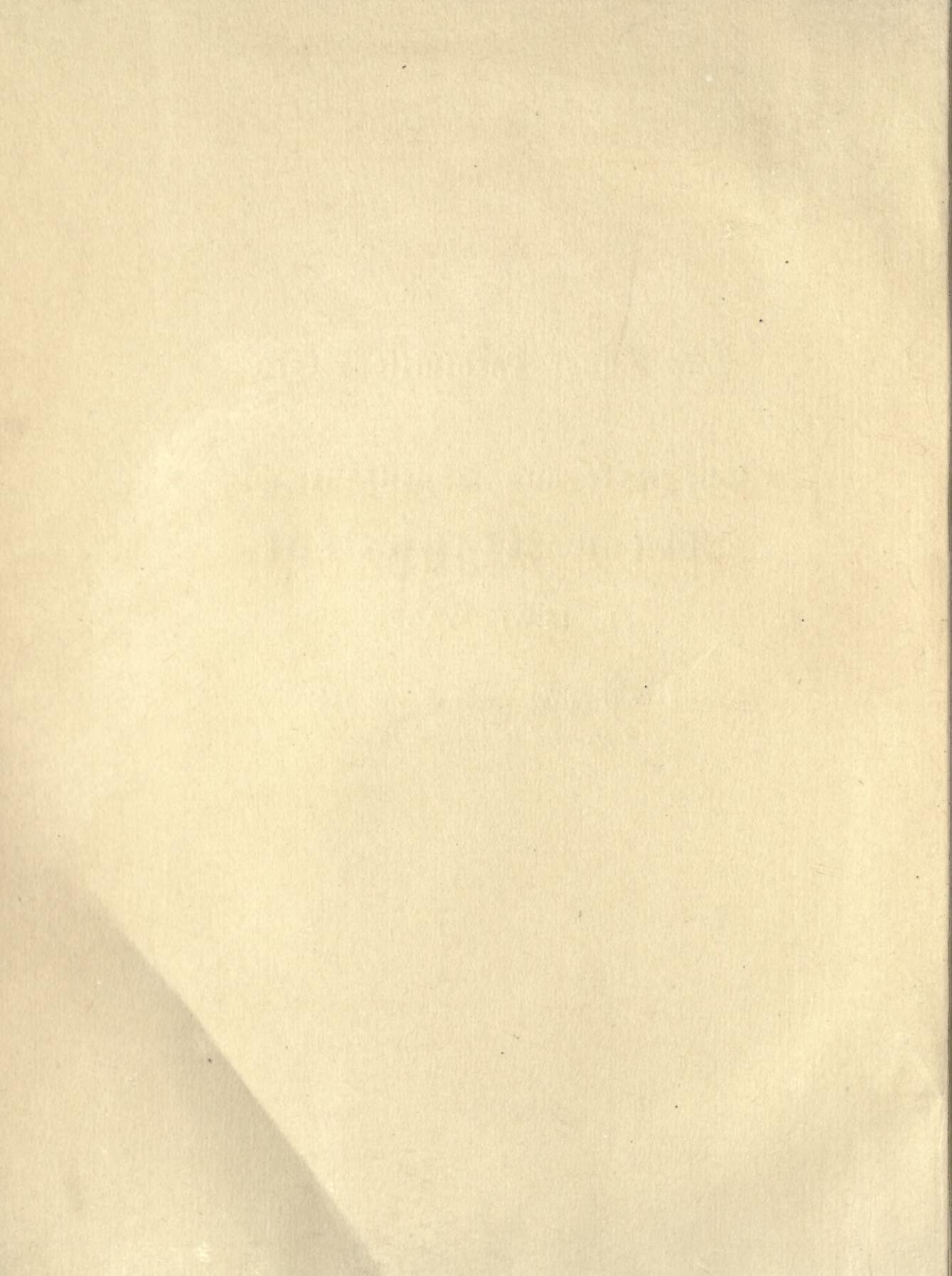
The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Life and Repentance of
Mary Magdalene

By LEWIS WAGER

Date of earliest known Edition, 1566

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908



The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 129]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalene

BY LEWIS WAGER

1567

95040
113/59

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET
LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH
MCMVIII

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1567a

The Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalene

BY LEWIS WAGER

This facsimile of one of the latest of the old English morality-plays is from a copy of the black-letter edition of 1567 now in the British Museum (Press-mark C. 34, e. 36). Another edition identical with the present original, save in the date, appeared in 1566: the only known copy is now (1908) in the possession of Mr. W. A. White of New York.

The play has only once been reprinted in modern times, and never before in facsimile. It was included in "The Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago [1904], issued in commemoration of the first ten years of the University's existence."

The British Museum possesses two copies of the later edition, which was probably but a reissue of the unsold copies of 1566 with the title-page redated, since the same errors of the press seem to occur in both impressions.

Of "the learned clarke," Lewis Wager, little is known beyond the fact that he became rector of St. James, Garlickhithe, on March 28, 1560. He was probably, therefore, a

university man, though his name does not appear in the published lists of Oxford or Cambridge graduates.

The play was probably written about 1560, in the time of Edward VI.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original, says that “it is excellently done: no matter how carefully one scrutinises the facsimile with the original copy there is very little indeed with which to find fault. The only instances of over-heavy printing are on D. iii. verso and F. iv. verso, and these are so slight as scarcely to merit mention.”

JOHN S. FARMER.



A new Enterlude, never

before this tyme imprinted, entreating of the
Life and Repentaunce of Marie Magdalene: not only
godlie, learned and fraitfull, but also well furnished with plea-
sant myrr and pastime, very delectable for those

which shall heare or reade the same.

Made by the learned clarke

Lewis Wager.

X

5

The names of the Players.

Infidellie the Vice.

Marie Magdalene.

Pride of life.

Cupiditie.

Carnall Concupiscence.

Simon the Pharisse.

Malicious Judgement.

The Lawe.

Knowledge of sinne.

Christ Iesus.

Fayth.

Repentaunce.

Justification.

Loue.

Fourre may easely play this Enterlude.

Imprinted at London, by John Charlevwood,

dwelling in Barbican, at the signe of the halfe Eagle

and the Key, Anno. 1567.



The Prologue.

Nulla tam modesta felicitas est
Quæ malignantis dentes vitare possit.

NO state of man, be it never so modest,
Never so unreukeable and blamelesse,
No person, be he never so good and honest,
Can escape at any season nowe harmelesse,
But the wicked teeth of suche as be shamelesse,
Are ready most maliciously him soz to byte,
Like as Valerius in his fourth booke doth wryte.

We and other persons haue exercised
This comely and good facultie a long season,
Which of some haue bene spitefully despised,
Wherfore I thinke they can alleage no reason,
Wher affect ruleth, there good iudgemēt is geason.
They never learned the verſe of Horace doubtles,
Nec tua laudabis studia, aut aliena reprehendes,

Thou shalt neither praise thyne owne industrie,
Nor yet the labour of other men reprehend,
The one procedeth of a prounde arrogancie,
And the other from enuie, which doth discommend,
All thyngs that vertuous persons doe intend.
For enill will never said well, they do say,
And woorse tungs were never heard before this day.

I maruell why they shold detract our facultie:
We haue ridden and gone many sundry waies,
Yea, we haue bled this feate at the uniuersitie,
Yet neither wise nor learned would it dispraise:
But it hath ben perceiued euer before our dayes.

B.ii. That

The Prologue.

That foles loue nothing worse thā foles to be called,
A horse will kick if you touche where he is galled.

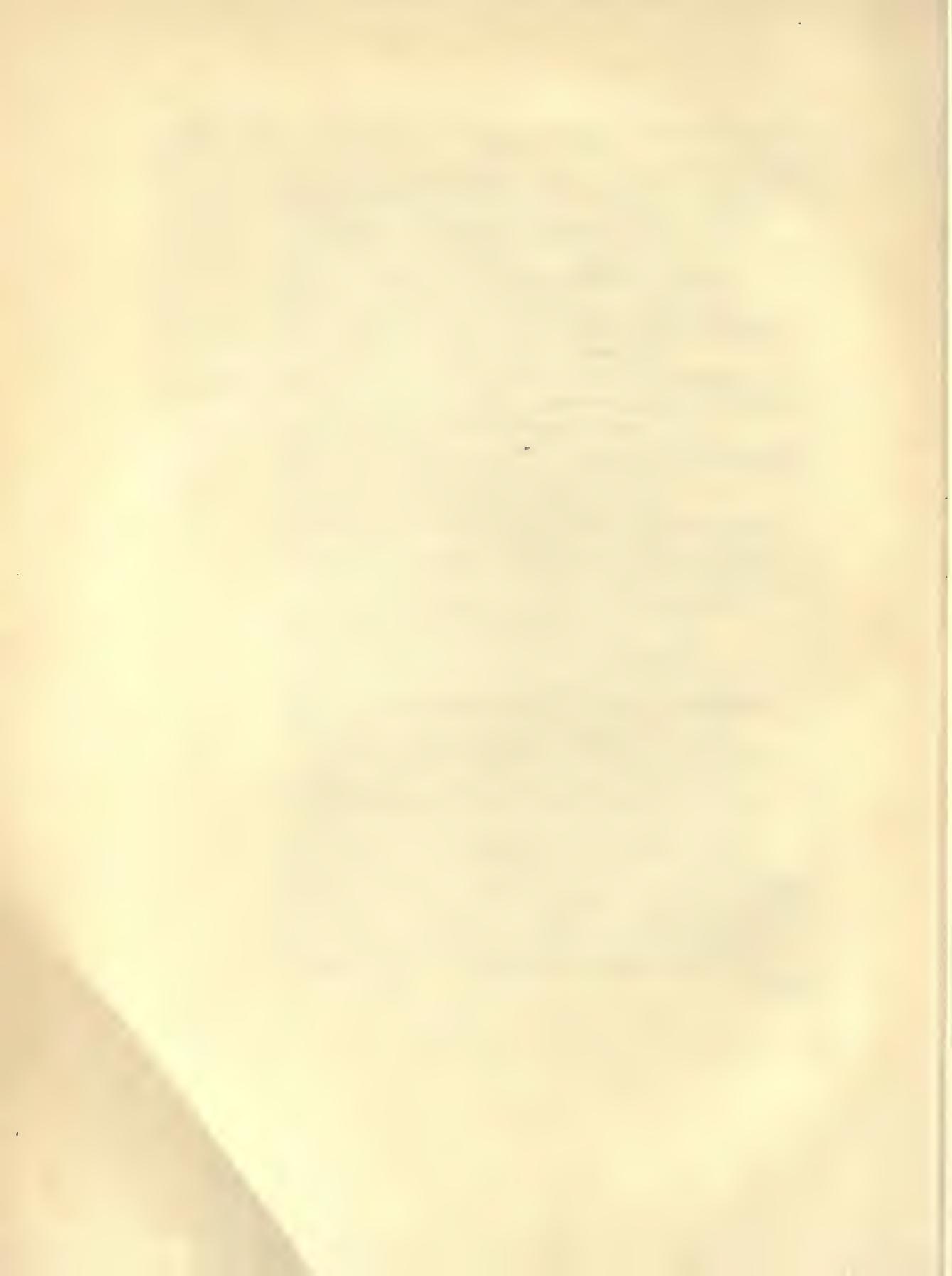
Doth not our facultie learnedly extoll vertue?
Doth it not teache, God to be praised aboue al things?
What facultie doth vice moze earnestly subdue?
Doth it not teache true obedience to the kyng?
What godly sentences to the mynde doth it bryng?
I say, there was never thyng inuented
Moze worth, for mans solace to be frequented.

Hypocrites that wold not haue their fautes reveled
Imagine slander our facultie to let,
Satne wold they haue their wickednes still concealed
Therefore maliciously against vs they be set,
O (say they) muche money they doe get.
Truely I say, whether you geue halspence or pence,
Your gayne shalbe double, before you depart hence.

Is wisedom no moze worth than a peny trow yon,
Scripture calleth the price therof incomparable.
Here may you learne godly Sapience now,
Whiche to body and soule shal be profitable.
To no person truly we couet to be chargeable,
For we shall thinke to haue sufficient recompence,
If ye take in good worth our simple diligence.

In this matter whiche we are about to recite,
The ignorant may learne what is true beleue,
Wherof the Apostles of Christ do largely write,
Whose instructions here to you we wil geue.
Here an example of penance the heart to grieue,
May be lerned, a loue whiche from faith doth spring,
Authoritie of Scripture for the same we will bryng.
Of the Gospell we shall rehearse a fruicfull stroy,
Written in the viii, of Luke with wordes playne.

The



The Prologue.

The storie of a woman that was right sorry
For that she had spent her life in sinne vile and vaine,
By Christes preachyng she was conuerted agayn,
To be truly penitent by hir fruictes she declared,
And to shew hir self a sinner she never spared.

Hir name was called Mary of Magdalene,
So named of the title of hir possession,
Out of hir Christ rejected. vii. spirites vncleane,
As Mark and Luke make open profession.
Doctors of high learnyng, witte, and discretion,
Of hir diuers and many sentences doe wryte,
Whiche in this matter we intend now to recite.

Of the place aforesaid, with the circumstance,
Onely in this matter (God willing) we will treate,
Where we will shewe that great was hir repentance,
And that hir loue towards Christ was also as great,
Hir sinne did not hir conscience so greuously freste,
But that faith erected hir heart again to beleue,
That God for Christs sake wold all hir sins forgiue.

We desire no man in this poynt to be offendēd,
In that vertues with vice we shall here introduce,
For in men and women they haue depended:
And therfore figuratiuely to speake, it is the vse,
I trust that all wise men will accept our excuse.
Of the Preface for this season here I make an ende,
In godly myȝth to spend the tyme we doe intende.

The ende of the Preface.

A. iii.

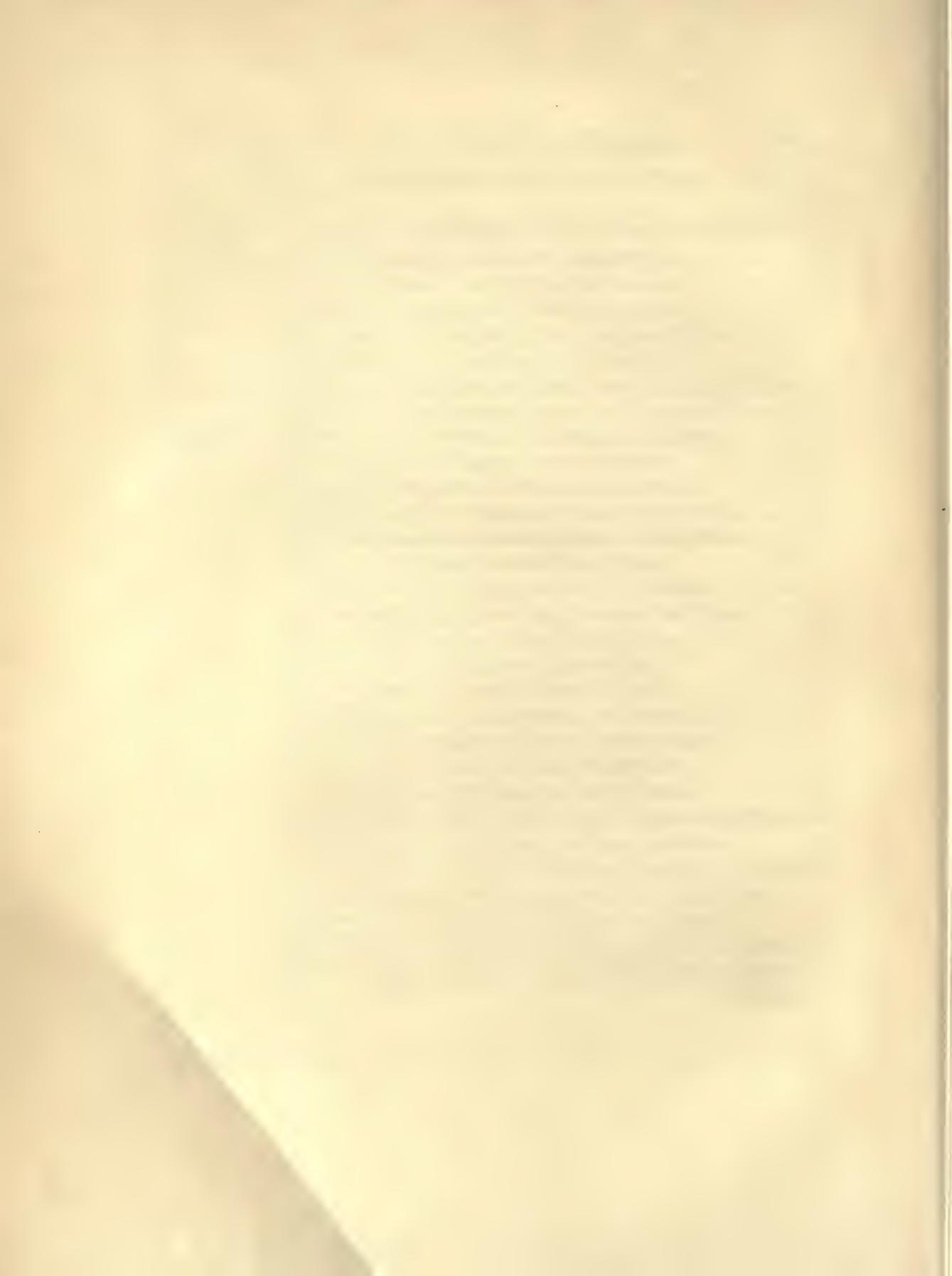
Here

An Enterlude of the Repentance
Here entrieth Infidelitie the vice.

Infidel-
tie.

Ith heigh down down and downe a down a,
Saluator mundi Domine, Kyrieleyson,
Ite Missa est, with pipe vp Alleluya.
Sed libera nos à malo, and so let vs be at one.
Then every man brought in his owne dishe,
Lord God we had wonderfull good fare,
I warrant you there was plentie of fleshe and fishe,
So to, I beshrew your heart and if you spare,
A gods name I was set vp at the hye deace,
Come vp syz, sayd every body vnto me:
Like an honest man I had the fyfth meace,
Glad was he that might my proper person see.
When we had dined, every man to horsebacke,
And so vp vnto the mount of Caluarie,
I trow you never heard of such a knacke,
Muche woe had some of vs to scape the pillowie.
But when we came to hye Jerusalem,
Who then but I maister Infidelitie?
Mary I was not so called among them,
No, I haue a name more nigher the veritie.
In Iurie, Moysaicall Justice is my name,
I would haue them iustified by the lawe,
It is playne infidelitie to beleue the same,
What then: from the faithe I doe them withdraw.
There is one come into the countrey of late,
Called Christ the sonne of God, the Jewes Messias
Of the kyngdome of God he begynneth to prate,
But he shall never bryng his purpose to passe,
No, I Infidelitie stick so much in the Jewes harts,
That his doctrine and wonders they wyl not beleue,

I wat,



of Mary Magdalene.

I warant that the chiefe rulers in these partes,
Will deuise somewhat his body to mischeue.
Infidelitie, no beware of me Infidelitie,
Like as Faith is the roote of all goodnesse,
So am I the head of all iniquitie,
The well and spryng of all wickednesse.
Mary syz, yet I conuey my maters cleane,
Like as I haue a visour of vertue,
So my imbes, whiche vnto my person do leane,
The visour of honestie doth endue.
As these, pride I vse to call cleanlynesse,
Envie I colour with the face of prudence,
Wrathe putteth on the coate of manlynnesse,
Couetise is profite in every mans sentence.
Sloth or idlenesse I paint out with quiete,
Gluttonie or excesse I name honest chere,
Lechery vsed for many mens diete,
I set on with the face of loue both farre and neare.
How saie you to Infidelitie once agayne?
Infidelitie all mens heartes doe occupie:
Infidelitie now abone true faith doth remayne,
And shall do to the worldes ende, I thinke verily.
Yea, that same Melias doth many things,
Yet I will so occupy the rulers myndes,
Both of byshops, phariseys, elders and kyngs,
That fewe or none of them shalbe his frendes.

Here entreth Mary Magdalene, tristynge
With her garmentes.

I beshrew his heart naughtye folishe knaue,
The most bungarliest tailers in this countrie,
That be in the worlde I thinke, so God me saue,
Not a garment can they make for my degree.

Mary
Magda-
lene.

Haue

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Hauie you euer sene an ouerbody thus lyffe ?
Nowe a mischief on his dronken knaues eare,
The knaues drynke till they haue lost they; wylte,
And then they marre vitterly a bodies geare.
I had liefer than xx. shillings by this light
That I had him here now in my fume and heate.
What, I am ashamed to come in any mans sight,
Thinke you in the waste I am so great ?
Nay by gis twentie shillings I dare holde,
That there is not a gentlewoman in this land,
More propre than I in the waste I dare be bolde,
They be my garmentes that so bungarly do stand.
Welchew his heart once agayne with all my hart,
Is this geare no better than to cast away ?
Let hym trust to it, I will make him to smart.
For marryng of my geare he shall surely pay.

God forbyd mistresse Mary, & you so tender & yong
For marryng of your geare he is greatly to blame.

What haue you to do, holde your bablyng long,
Hauie you any thyng to doe with the same ?

These vnhappy tailors I trowe be acurst,
Most comonly when they make gentlewomes geare
In the myddes they set the piece that is wort.
Yea that is the fashion of them every where.
The wort piece is in the myddis of your garment,
And it is pieced into it so vnhappily,
That by my trouthe it is past amendement,
Meddle with it, and you spyll it vitterly.

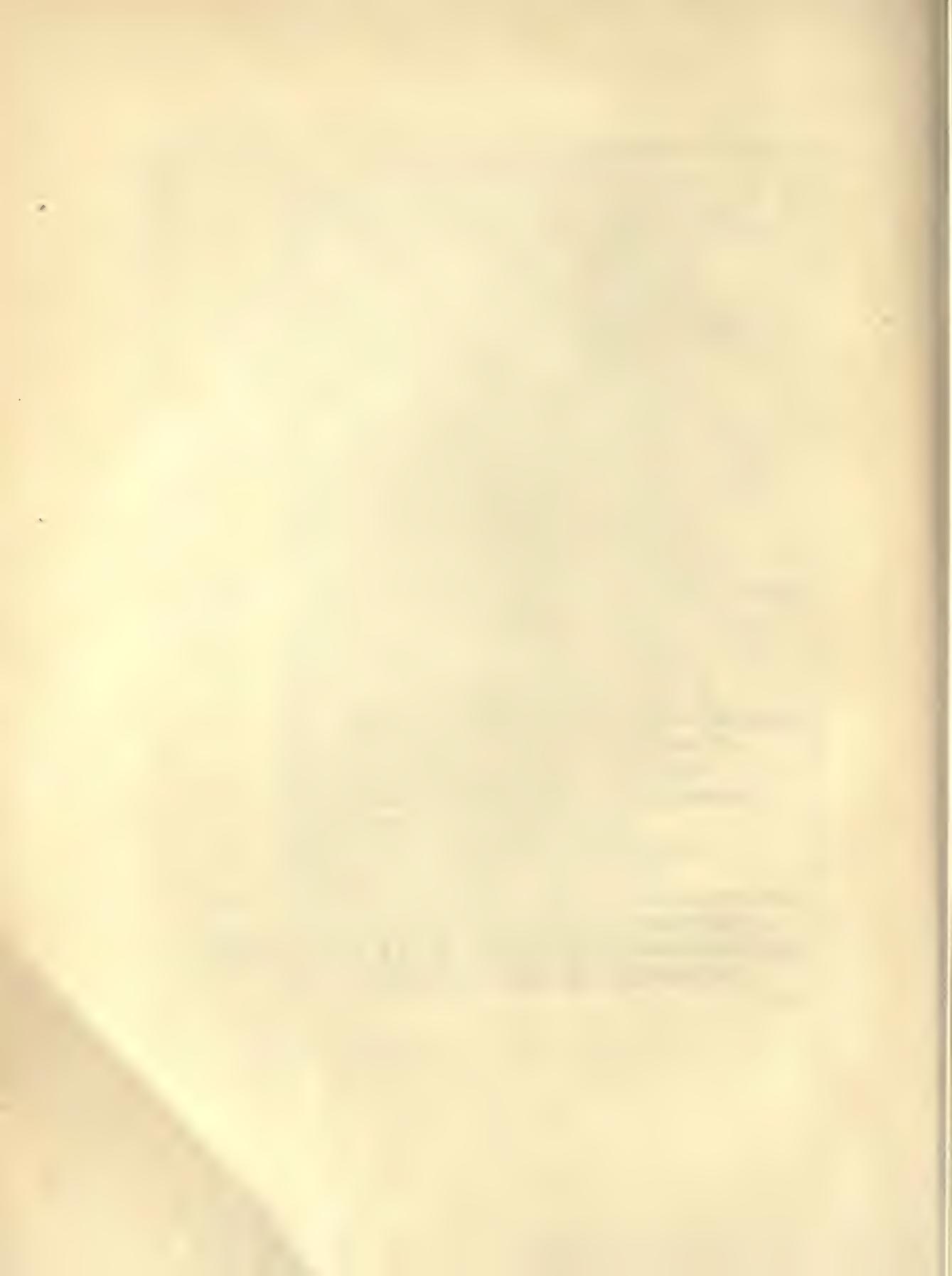
Speake you in ernest, or I pray you do you mock ?
Trow you that my garment can not be amended ?

Mocke I know that you come of a worshipful stock.
He that mocketh you ought to be reprehended,

Mary.

Insloe
littie.

¶



of Mary Maydalene.

Of taylers craft I tell you I haue some skill,
And if I hold medle with y pere that is in the midſt,
I ſhould make it worſe or at the leaſt as yll:
Therefore to let it alone as it is, I iudge it best,
Naught it is, and ſo you may weare it out,
Though it be new, it will be ſoone worne.

It were almoſte to hang ſuche a fooliſhe louſe, Mary.
All they that ſee me now, will laugh me to ſcorne,
No gentlewoman is ordred in this wyſe,
My maydens on the other ſide are ſuche ſluts,
That if I ſhould not for myne owne clothes deuife,
Within a while they would not be worth a couple of

Of my trouth it wer pitie in myne opinion (nutyng) Infideſt line.
But that your geare ſhould be well trimmed,
For you are well fauoured, and a pretie mynion,
Feate, cleane made, wel compact, and aptly lymmed,
In Jeruſalem there is not I dare ſay,
A ſweeter countenance, nor a moze louyng face,
Frefhe and flouriſhyng as the floures in May,
I haue not ſene a gentlewoman of a moze goodly grace
Your parents I know, were very honorabile,
Whiche haue left you worshipfully to lyue here,
And certainly I iudge it very commendable.
That with your owne you can make good cheare.

I thanke you for your good worde gentle friend, Mary.
And forasmuch as you diſknow my parentes,
I can no leſſe doe than loue you with all my mynd,
Ready to do you pieasure at your comandementes.

Verba puerorum folius leviora caducis, Infideſt little.
The promise of maidens, the Poet doth ſay,
Be as ſtable as a weake leafe in the wynde,
Like as a ſmall blaſt bloweth a feather away,

W. i.

So

An Enterlude of the Repentance

So a faire word truely chaungeth a maidens mynd,
Forsothe I thanke you, O louyng worme, good lord,
Yea, I knew your fathers state and condition,
The nobilitie of Iurie can beare me record,
That he was a man of a worshipfull disposition,
I wis my stresse Matie, I had you in myne armes,
Before you were. iii. yeares of age without doubt,
I preserued you many tymes from soze harmes,
Which in your childhode your enimies went about,
A gentlewoman of noble byrth as I doe thinke
Should haue seruants alwaies at her comauendement,
You are able to geue to many both meate and drinke,
Yea honest wages, and also necessary raiment.

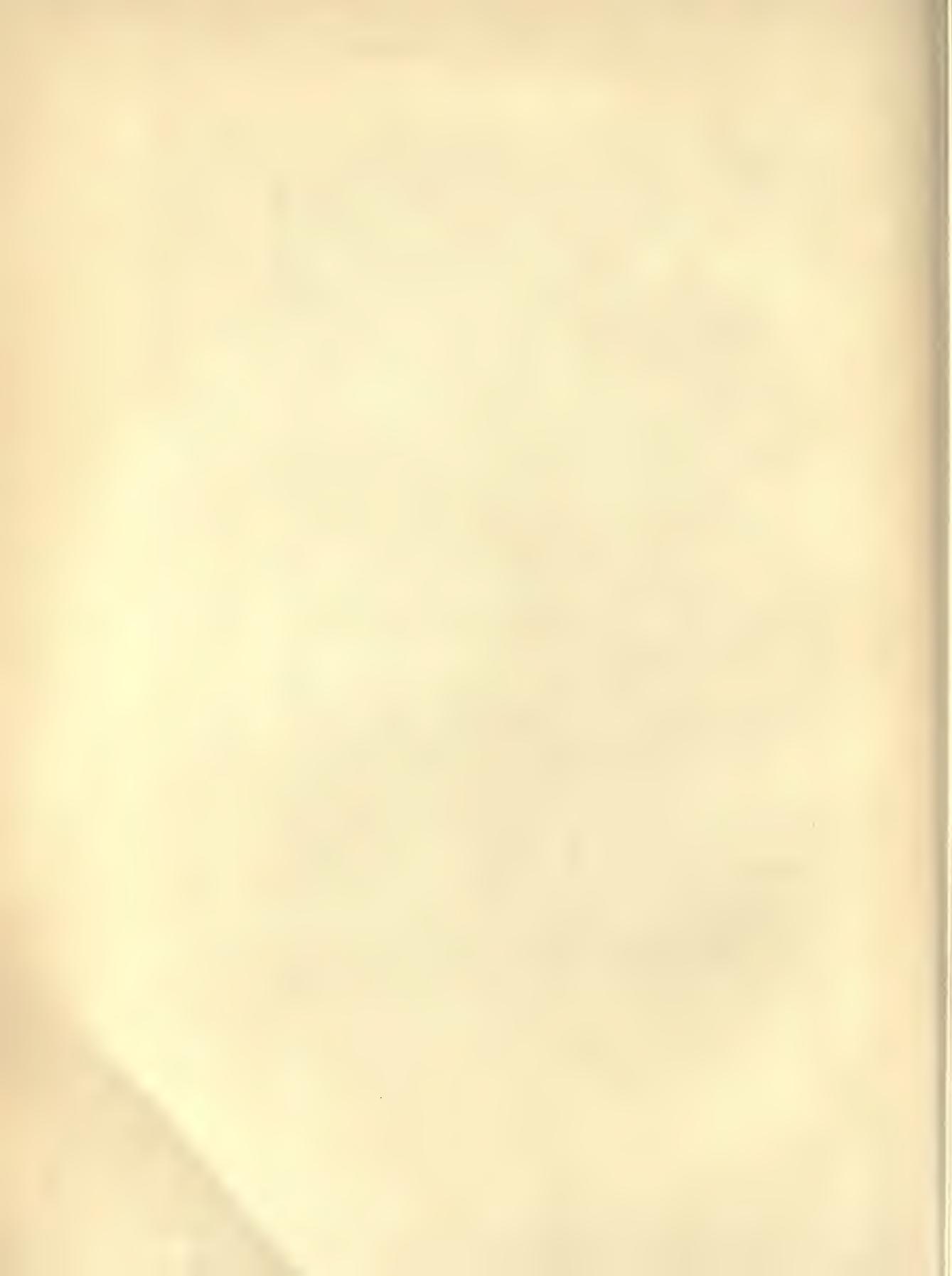
Mary.

I perceiue right well that you owe me good will,
Tendryng my worshipfull state and dignitie:
You see that I am yong and can little skil
To prouide for myne owne honoz and beilitie.
Wherfore I pray you in all thyngs counsell to haue,
After what sort I may leade a pleasant life here,
And looke what it pleasest you of me to craue,
I will geue it you gladly, as it shall appere.

Entide.
Littie.

Say you so mistresse Mary, wil you put me in trust
In faith I will tell you, you can not trust a wiser,
You shall live pleasantly, euen at your heartes lust,
If you make me your counsellor and druiser.
Remember that you are yong and full of dalliance
Lusty, couragious, fayre, beautifull and wise.
I will haue you to attempt all kyndes of pastance,
Usyng all pleasure at your owne heartes deuse.
Do you thinke that it is not moze than madnesse,
The lusty and pleasant life of a mans youth,
Diserably to passe away in study and farnesse,

31



of Mary Magdalene.

It is extreme foly mistresse Mary for a truth,
Be ye mery, and put away all fantasies,
One thyng is this, you shal never be yonger in dede,
Your bodily pleasure I would haue you to exercise,
Sure you are of wozldly substance never to nede.

Certainly my parents brought me vp in chyldhod, Mary.
In vertuous qualities, and godly literature,
And also they bestowed vpon me muche good
To haue me nourtred in noble ornatuer,
But euermoore they were vnto me very tender,
They would not suffer the wynde on me to blowe,
My requestes they would always to me render,
Wherby I knew þ good will that to me they did owe,
At their departing, their goodes they distributed
Among vs their chilzen, whom they did well loue,
But me as their dearelyng, they most reputed,
And gaue me the greatest part, as it did behoue.

Puellæ pestis, indulgentia parentum,
Of parentes the tender and carnall sufferance, Insides
litie,
Is to yong maidens a very pestilence.
It is a prouocation and furtherance,
Unto all lust and fleshly concupisence.
O mistresse Mary, your parentes dyd see,
That you were beautifull and well fauoured :
They did right well as it semeth me,
That so worshipfully they haue you furthered.
As I understand, you haue in your possession
The whole castel of Magdalene, with the purtenance,
Which you may rule at your discretion,
And obtaine therby riches in abundance.
O what wozldly pleasure can you want,
What commodities haue you of your owne ?

W. II.

About

An Enterlade of the Repentance

About Jerusalem is not such a plant,
As to me and many other is well knownen,
It were decent I saye, to vse the fruition
Of suche richesse as is left you here,
You never heard in any erudition,
But that one with his own shoulde make good chere.

Mary.

By my trouth so woulde I, if I perfectly knew
Which way I shoulde good chere makynge begyn,
A lusty disposition from me doth ensue:

Insides
line.

But without councell, I am not worth a pyn.
Councell in you shall want no councell in dede,
I know where a certayne company is,
Whiche can geue suche councell in tyme of nede,
That you folowyng them can never sped amys.

Mary.

Nowe I pray you helpe me to that company,
And looke what I am able to do for your pleasure,
You shall haue it I promise you verily,
Yea, whether it be landes, golde, or treasure.

Insides
line.

The truth is so, they whom nowe I speake of,
Are persons of great honoz and nobilitie,
Felawes that loue neither to dally nor scosse,
But at once will tell you the veritie.

Mary.

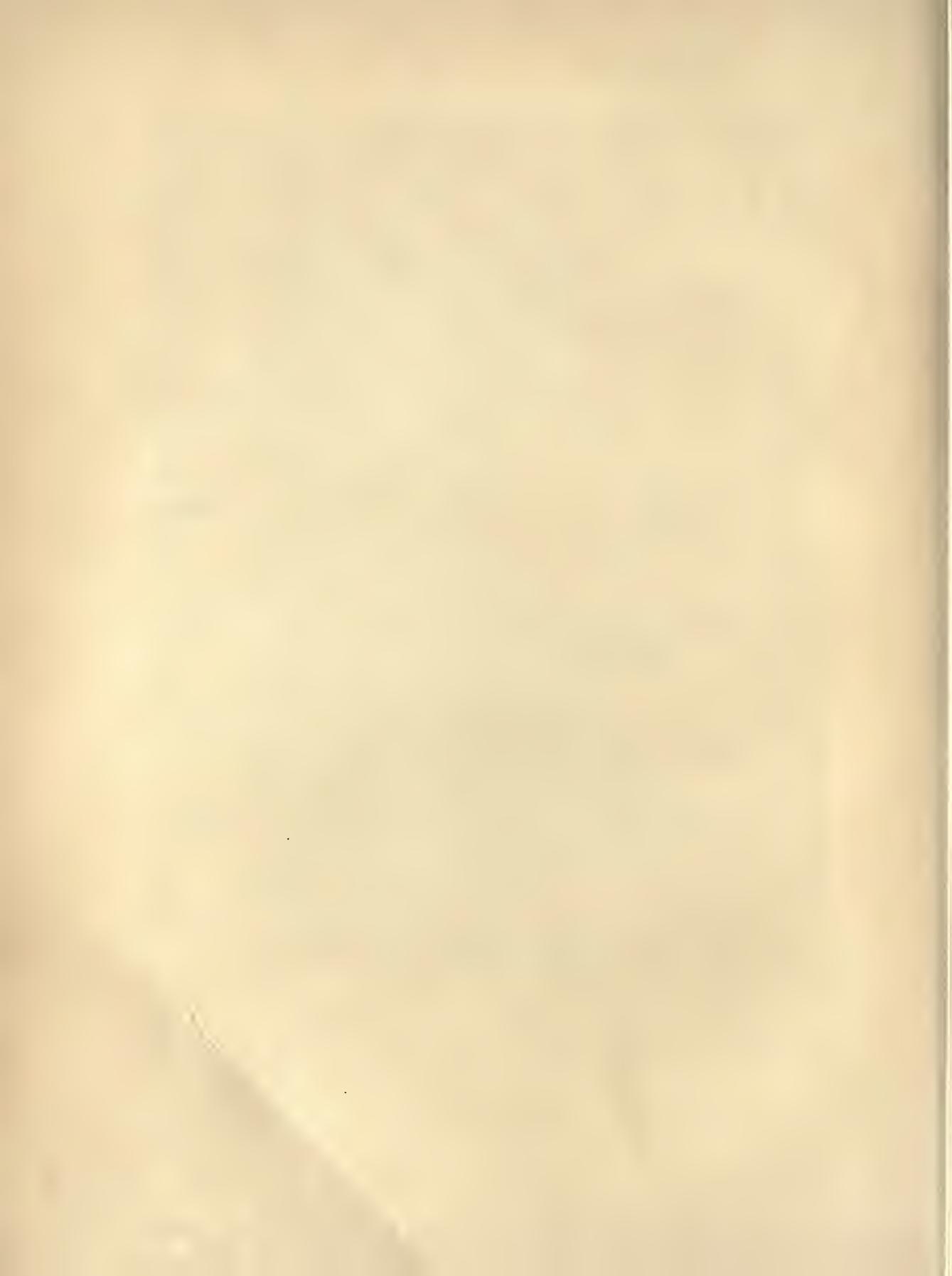
Men of honour say you: tell me I you desire,
Can you cause them to wot you shortly to be here?
I wyl goe and prouide some other attire,
That accordyng to my byzthe I may appere.

Insides
line.

Byzthe faith of my body, you are well arrayde,
I warrant you with these clothes they wil be content
They had liefer haue you naked, be not astrayde,
Then with your best holy day garment.

Mary.

You are a mery man in dede, you are a wanton,
I will go and returne agayne by and by,



of Mary Magdalene.

As I am, I would with all my heart be known,
So that I might be pleasant to euery mans eye.

I pray you heartily that I may be so bold
To haue a kisse or two before you doe depart,

If a kisse were worth a hundred pound of gold,
You should haue it eu'en with my very heart. t. x.
I thanke you mistresse Mary by my maydenhood,
Lord what a pleasant kyssle was this of you :

Take her with you, I warant you wil never be good
She is geuen to it, I make God auow.

And I trow I shall helpe to set her forward.
Shorilie my ofspryng and I shall her so dresse,
That neither law nor prophets she shall regard,
No though the sonne of God to her them expelle.
Infideline is my name, you know in dede,
Proprely I am called the Serpents sede,
Loke in whose heart my father Sathan doth me sowe
There must all iniquitie and vice nedes growe,
The conscience where I dwell is a receptacle,
For all the diuels in hell to haue their habitacle,
You shall see, that Maries heart within short space,
For the diuell hym self shall be a dwellyng place,
I will so dresse her, that there shall not be a worse.
To her the diuell at pleasure shall haue his recourse,
I will go and prepare for her such a company,
As shall poison her with all kyndes of villanie.

Here entreth Pryde of lyfe, Cupiditie,
and Carnall Concupiscence.

Whether arte thou goyng nowe Infidelitie Pryde.
Pride of Lyfe now welcom, the spryng of iniquitie, Inside.
O pride of life, thou never vsest to go alone, little.
Geue me your handes also I pray you one by one.

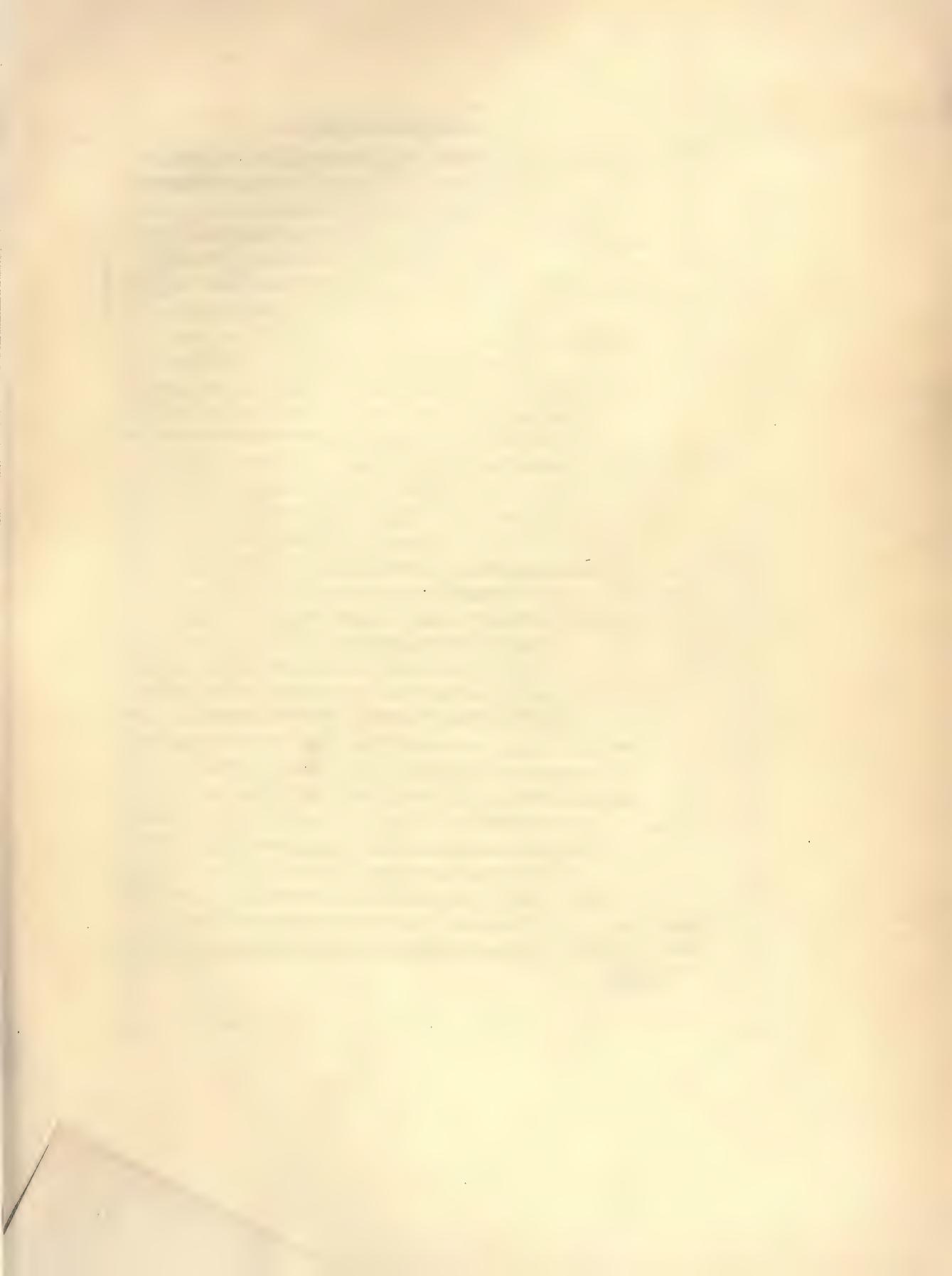
W. iii. Wel-

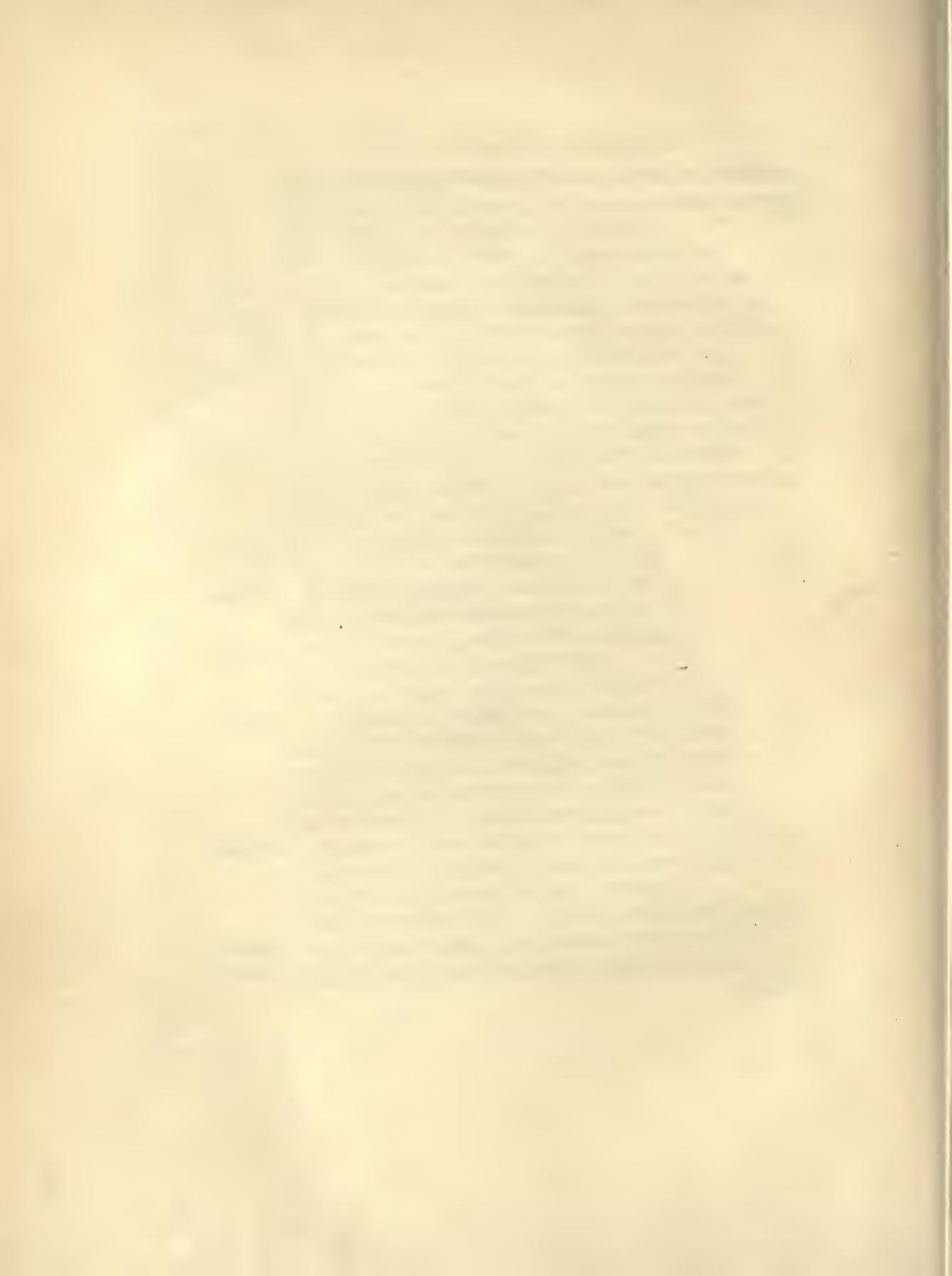
An Enterlude of the Repentance

Welcome pride of lyfe with my whole heart & mynde,
And thou art welcome Cupidite myne owne friend:
What, mynkin carnall concupisience,
Thou art welcome heartily by my conscience.

Pride. To see thee mery Infidelite I am right glad.
Cupidite When Infidelite is in health, I can not be sad.
Carnall concupis- Infidelite O Infidelite, myne owne infidelite,
tence. I am glad to see thee mery now for a suretie,
I maruell what thou dost in this place alone,
I thought that out of Iurie thou hadst ben gone.
Infidelite Out of Iurie: no carnall lust to thee I may tell
That with the chief princes now I do dwell:
The bishops, priests and pharisies do me so rayne,
That the true lense of the lawe they do disdayne.
Pride of lyfe. In faith there is some knavery in mynde,
Cupidite That here by thy selfe alone we doe thee synde.
Cupidite Infidelite in our fathers cause is occupied,
As within a while it shall be verified.
Infidelite Am I: you would say so if ye knew all,
Know you not a wenche called Mary Magdalene?
Pride. Do I know her: she is a prety wenche and a cleane,
Since she had discretion hit haue I knowone,
Mary Magdalene (quod he) in dede she is myne own
It is as proude a little gyrtle truely I thinke,
As ever men sawe in this world eate or drinke.
Cupidite And somwhat to do with her now and then I haue
I allure her for her owne profit alway to saue.
I haue dressed her so well truely I beleue,
That alredy for Gods sake nothyng she will gene,
Carnall concupi- For my part in her I haue kindled such a fyre,
tence. That she beginneth to burn in carnall desyre.

Culpe





of Mary Magdalene.

Tulhe, as yet you haue but hir mynde moued, In side
Whom she may forslake if she be reþouned: little.

But I would haue hir cleaue vnto you so fast.

That she shall not forslake you while her life doth last

If theu be once rooted within the hart, Pride:

Then maist thou make an entrance by thy craft & art

So that we may come into hir at pleasure,

Fyllyng hir with wickednesse beyond all measure,

In vs toure without faile be contained

As many vices as ever in this wold raigned.

Now if we by thy meanes may in hir remain,

She shall be sure all kyndes of vices to contain.

Within my selfe you know that I contain a soþ, Car. ca

Whiche by name before you here I wil reþort.

My name is carnall concupiscente or desyre,

Whiche all the pleasures of the fleshe doth require,

First th^r fleshe to nourishe with drynke and meate

Without abstinenſe like a beast alway to rate,

To quasse and drynke when there is no necessarie,

Loving in excesse, beþy there, and ebrietie.

I containe in my selfe all kynd of lecherie,

Fornication, whozedom, and wicked adulterie,

Rape, incest, sacrilege, softnesse, and bestialtie,

Wylndnesse of mynde, with every ſuche qualitie,

Inconstancie, headinesse, and inconsideration,

Aſter the heartes poþon and filthy communication,

So then to the hate of God I do them bþyng,

Causyng a loue in himself inordinatly to spryng.

These and ſuche like I containe in my person,

Thus you ſee that carnall iust goeth neuer alone.

Thou haſt reckned an abominable rable,

Where thou dwelleſt, the deuyll may haue a ſtable. In side
little,

With

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Cupiditie

With thee I may boldly compare I trow,
For as many vices in me as in thee do grow.
You know that my name is called Cupiditie,
Whom Scripture calleth the roote of all iniquitie,
Infidelitie in dede is the seide of all syn,
But cupiditie openeth the gate, and letteh hym in;
I conteyne theft, deceate in sellyng and byring,
Periurie, rapine, dissimulation, and lyng.
Hardinesse of heart otherwise called inhumanitie,
Inquietnesse of mynde falsehood and vanitie,
In me is all vengeance enuie rankoz and yre,
Murder, warre, treason, and gredie desyre.
I conteyne the wicked vices of blurie,
Dice and card playing with all kynd of injurie,
What mischief was there euer yet of synne,
But that cupiditie dyd it firs of all begynne?

Indul-
tiae.

There can not be a moze fylthy place in hell,
Than that is, where as cupiditie doth dwelle.

Cupiditie

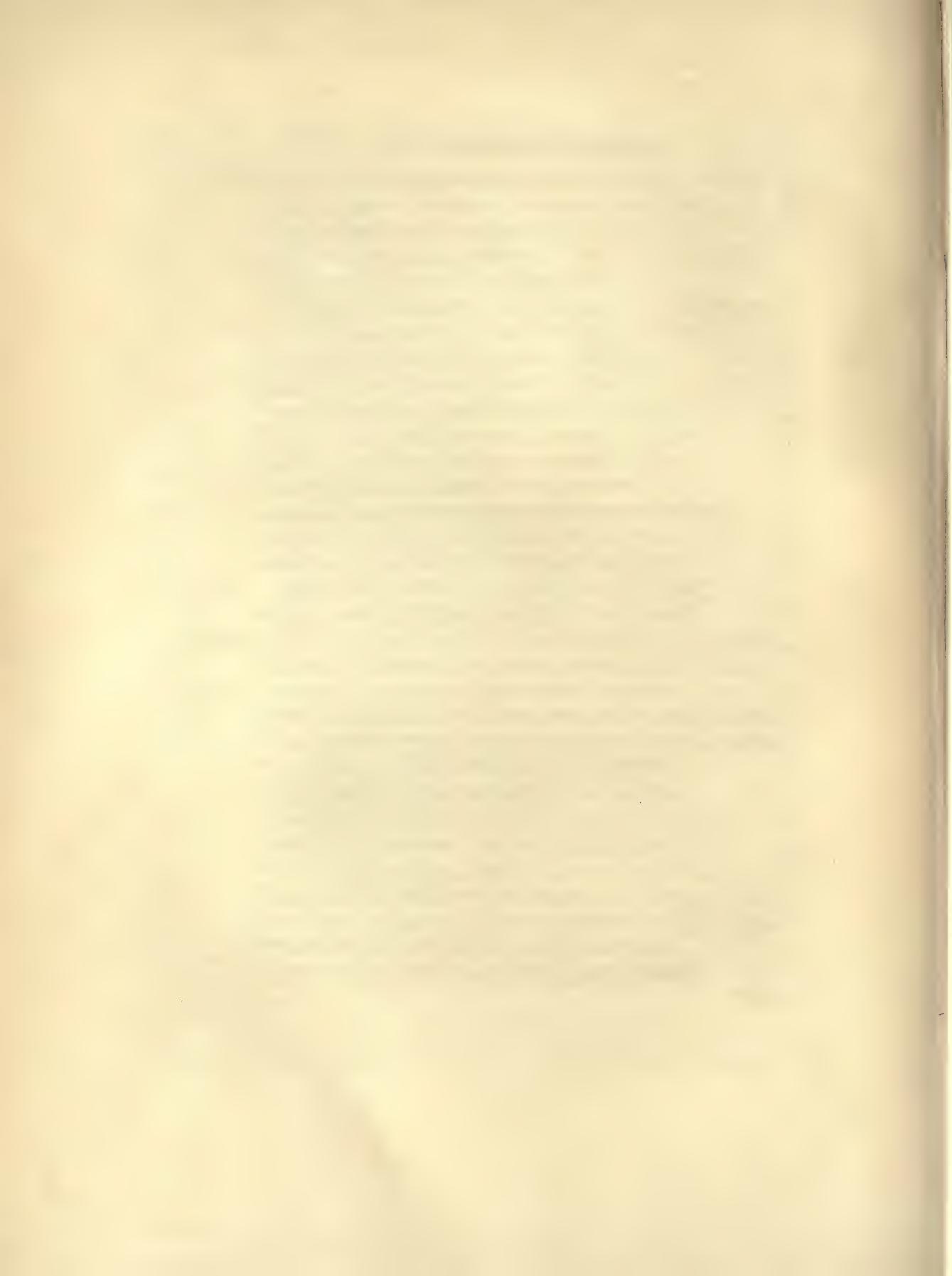
Yea, there is impietie, the contempi of Gods lawe,
His worde is no moze regarded than a vile straue.

Pride of
lyfe.

You contayne vices very wicked in dede,
But how wicked is he, fro whom al syn doth procede,
The beginning of syn, which doth ma fro god deuide
Scripture calleth it nothyng els but pride.

For I my selfe not onely conteyns you three,
But all vices in you, and that in euery degree,
Pride despiseth God, and committeth idolatrie
To God and man pride is a very aduersarie,
I am full of boastyng, arrogancie, and bainglorie,
Enuious, and of all other mens wealth right sooy;
Pride causeth obstinacie, and disobedience,
Yea, it engendreth idlenesse and negligence,

The



of Mary Magdalene.

The truth of Gods prophets through tirants of pride
Hath euer unto this day ben cast asyde :
The men of God pride hath spitefully reputed,
And with tirants alway the same persecuted.
Pride would never suffer any vertue to raigne,
But oppressed it with great malice and disdaine.
In a shor summe & fewe wordes you shall know all,
Pride caused Lucifer from heauen to hell to fall.
Yea pride lost mankynd, and did him so infect,
That God from his fauour dyd him away reject,
Where as pride is, a token it is evident,
That all other vices be even there resident.

Where as you and all your offspyna doth dwelle, Inside-
There is a place for all the diuels in hell : litie.
And playne it is, where as is suche fylthy sinne,
There even in this world their hell doth begynne.
By such time as with vs Mary be furnished,
With the deuill him selfe she shall be replenished.

In our tragedie we may not vse our owne names, pride.
For that would turne to al our rebukes and shames,
Pride with all thy abominable strore, Inside-
At this tyme must be called Nobilitie and honoz, litie.
Very well, for these women that be vicious,
Are alwaies high mynded and ambitious.

Never woman that could play a harlotys part,
Was either humble, or yet meke in hart,
Yea and the same loued alway cupidite,
Therefore thy name shall be called Utilite,
For hym a better name you could not expresse,
For yll disposed women are alway mercylesse.

They are alwaies scraping, clabong, & gathering, Car.con-
To maintaine their lynes in wickednesse and synne. cupisces

C. i.

Carnall

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Infide-
lity.

Pride.

Infide-
lity.

Carnall concupisence halbe called pleasure,
And that pretie Marie loueth beyond all measure,
Infidelitie may not be called infidelitie.
No, we will worke with a little more austertie,
Infidelitte for diuers respectes hath names diuers,
Of the which some of the to you I purpose to reherse
With bishops, priests, scribes, leynors and pharisies,
And with as many as be of the Jewes degrees,
I am called Legall Justice commonly:
For why by the lawe them selues they do infisie,
It is playne Infidelitte so to beleue:
Therefore there, such a name to my selfe I do gene,
I haue a garment corespondent to that name,
By the which I walke among them without blame,
With publicans and sinners of a carnall pretence,
I am somtyme called cou sel, and somtyme Prudence,
I cause them the wisedome of God to despise,
And for the fleshe and the wrold wittily to deuise,
Prudence before Marie my name I will call,
Whiche to my suggestions will cause hir to fall:
A vesture I haue bere to this garment corespondent,
Lo here it is, a gowne I strove conuenient.

Pride.

Infide-
lity.

put on a
gowne &
a cap.

Cupidit

Car. con
cupiscēce

For our honor I pray thee heartily doe it weare,

Mary did talke with me before in this geare,
But because she shall the sooner to me apply,
I will dresse me in these garments euен by and by,
How thynke you by me now in this array?

Mary loueth them I tell you, that vse to go gay,

Then hadst thou nede to mend thy folysch coftenance

For thou lookest like one that hath lost his remēbrāce

With the one eye ouermuch thou vsest to winke,

That thou meanest som fraude therby thy wyl think

He



of Mary Magdalene.

He that lokesh with one eie, & winketh with an other,
I would not trust (say they) if he were my brother.

Lyke obstinate friers I temper my looke, -
Which had one eie on a wench, and an other on a boke Inside
little.
Passion of God, behold, yonder commeth Marie.
See that in your tales none from other do varie.

It is a pretie wenche that it is in dede,
Muche to intreate her, I thynke we shall not nedē.
No, for I thinke she is yll inough of hir selfe,
She seemeth to be a proude little else.

I pray you behold how she trimmēth her geare;
She would haue all well about her every where. Car. con
cupiscēs
Maidēs (quod she?) there is no gentlewomā I wene Mary.
So accumbred as I am, for such were never leue:
Fie on them, in good faith they are to badde,
They would make some gentlewoman stark madde.
Like as I put of my geare, so I do it fynde,
And I can not tel how oft I haue told the my mynd.
By the faith of my body if they do not amende,
To lay them on the bones surely I do intend.

Maxima quæquæ domus, servis est plena superbis,
Every great house, as the Poet doth say, Inside
little.
Is full of naughtie seruantes both night and day.

You say truth sir in dede, what old acquaintance
Now forsooth you were out of my remembrance:
You haue changed your aray since I was here,
I am glad to see you mery and of a good chere.

And I of yours mistresse Mary with hart & mynd Inside
It is a joy to see a gentlewoman so louyng and kynd little.
Shall I be so bold to kisse you at our metyng?

What else: it is an honest maner of greetynge. Mary.
Pleaseth it you to byd these gentlemen welcomer Indeſſ

C.ii, Yea

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Mary.

Yea forsooth, are they heartily all and some,
I will kysse you all for this gentlemans sake,
He is a friend of myne as I do hym take.

Pride.

He is in dede, you may be sure mistresse Mary,
There is no man lyuyng can say the contrary.

Cupidite

He hath ben diligent to leke vs together,
And for your sake he hath caused vs to come hither.

Car. con

I dare say thus much, that he is your friende,
For he loueth you with his whole heart and mytide,
He hath ben diligent about your cause,
As it had bene his owne, and would never pause,
Till he had performed his desired request.

Mary.

Which I am able to say is very honest,
A gentle friend at so little acquaintance,
Will you looke so much vnto my furtherance?
It seemeth then if by me you had ben benefited,
You would haue my kyndnesse gently requited.

Insidie
Kyn.

Quo magis regitur, magis extinxit ignis
The more closely that you kepe fyre, no doubt
The more seruent it is when it breaketh out.

Mary.

Wel friend, I know what you meane by that verle
What I wil do for you at this tyme I wil not reherfe
But in one thyng truly I am muche to blame,
That all this tyme I haue not inquired your name.

Insidie
Kyn.

Swete mistresse Mary, I am called Prudencie,
Or els Counsell, full of wisedome and science,
Here vnto you, honorable Honoz I haue brought,
A person alway to be in your mynde and thought,
And this person is named Utilie,
Very profitable for your commoditie,
Pleasure is the name of this Mynion,
Conuenient for you forsooth in myne opinion.

Prud.



of Mary Magdalene.

Prudence, Honor, Utilitie, and Pleasure,
Oh who would desyre in this world more treasure,
Gramercy heart of gold for your great Payne,
Truly of necessitie, I must bisse you once agayne.

Mary.

Will you soe that is the thyng that haue I wold,
Every bisse to me is worth a crowne of golde.

Insides
litie.

Leane kissyng, a treate we of matters more ernest. pride.
Let vs reason of thyngs concerning your request.

Honor is my name, a qualitie for you requisite,

Or rather of honor I am an appetite :

On the which must be all your meditation,
With the hearts courage and myndes elevation:
I tell you this desyre must be euer next your hart.

Nay hoa there, backare, you must stand apart,
You loue me best I crow, my stresse Mary.

Insides
litie.

For a hundred pound I would not say the contrary Mary.
And in token Prudence that I loue you best,
Here I ioyn you next vnto my heart and breast,

If ye embrace one, you must all embrace,
For our vse is to dwell all in one place.

Mary.

Cushe from our purpose alway we do digresse,
Let every one of vs his qualities expresse.

Cupidit
Concu
piscence.

Agreed, mistresse Mary heare you my counsell.
First, all thought from your heart you must expell.
Trouble not your selfe with any fantasies,
Neuer attend you to the lawe nor propheeties.
They were iuuented to make fooles afayd,
Heare them not, for they will make you dismayd,
God: fushe, when was God to any man sene,
I had not ben now alive, if any God had bene.

Insides
litie.

Homo homini Deus.

Man, is God to man this matter is playne,

Prude.

C.iii.

And

An Enterlude of the Repentance

And beleue you that none other God doth raigne?

Cupiditi Man is the begynnyng of his owne operation;

Ergo then of none other gods creation,

Man is his owne God therfore with utilite,

Let hym labour here to lyue in felicite.

Concu- Of many ladies I am certaine you haue hard,
piscence: Which the people as goddesles dyd regard:

And why this was the cause truly in my iudgement,

They had all pleasure here at theyz comanndement,

So that they liued in ioy wealth and prosperite,

Wsyng all pleasures for their owne commoditie.

Inside: To be a goddesle your selfe truly you must beleue,
litte. And by you may be so, your mind thereto you must geue
All other gods beside your selfe you must despise,
And let al nought their Scripture in any wise.

Pride: Now say you M. Mary do we not gree all in one?
Insideli. Surely M. Mary we will make you a Goddesle
Pare. You please me exceedingly well verily, ... Canone,
Persons you are of great witte and policie.

Pride: You must be proude, loftie, and of hye myndes
Despise the poore, as wzecheg of an other kynde:
Your countenance is not ladylike inough yet.
I see well that we had nede to teache you more wit.
Let your eies roll in your head, declaryng your pride,
After this soþt you must cast your eies aside.

Mary. Holþ thinke you by this maner of countenance?
pride. Conuenient for such as be not of your acquaintance,

Cupiditi I doubt not but she will do right well hir part,
By that tyme that all we be fast within hir hart,
Carnall Marke the garmentes of other in any wise,
concu. And be you sure of one of the newest guise.
Your haire me thynke is as yelow as any gold,

Upon



of Mary Magalene.

Upon your face layd about haue it I wold.

Sometime on your fozehead, the breadth of an hand,
Sometime let your attire vpon your crowne stand,
That all your haire for the most part may be in sight,
To many a man a fayze haire is a great delight.

In sommer time now and then to kepe away flies, Inster
little.
Let some of that faire haire hang in your eies :
With a hotte nedle you shall learne it to crispe,
That it may curle together in maner like a wispe.

By my trouth you art a merrie gentleman,
I will follow your counsell as much as I can. Mary.

By your eares sometimes with prettie tuskys & toyes Proue.
You shall folde your haire like Tomboyes.
It becommeth a yong gentlewoman be ye sure,
And yong men vnto your loue it will allure.

If the colour of your haire beginneth for to fade, Cupidit
A craft you must hane, that yellow it may be made,
With some Goldsmyth you may your selfe acquaint,
Of whō you may hane water your haire for to paint.

Besydes Goldsmythes water, there is other geare, Concord
piscence.
Very good also to colour agayne the heare,
Yea, if you were not beautifull of your bysage,
A painter could make you to apere w^t a lusty couraige
And though you were as aged as any creature,
A Painter on your face woulde set such an ornatyre,
That you shoulde seeme yong and very faire,
And like one whose beautie doth never disaire.

M. Mary, had you never y^t smal por in your pouish? Inster
prude.
You are a mad fellow Prudence, of a truthe. prude.
I pray you M. Prudence, wherfore ask you that? Marie.
It is like that in you he hath spied somewhat. pride.
Alas good gentlewoman, she blushes like coles. Car. con

In dede

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Insidie.
lute. In dede about her nose there be little pretie holes,
Cherfore I thynk that she hath had the pockes,
I meane good faith without any gaudes or mockes.

Mary. If there be any fautes in my face verily,
For money I trust shortly to haue remedy.

Pride. Mistresse Mary there is not a fayrer in this towne.

Infideli. Yea by saint Anne she is louely in color, but brown.

Car. con
cupiscice. If she be not content with that natuine colour,
A painter will set on one of moxe honour.

Insidie.
lute. I haue knowne painters that haue made old crones
To appeare as pleasant as little pretie yong Jones.

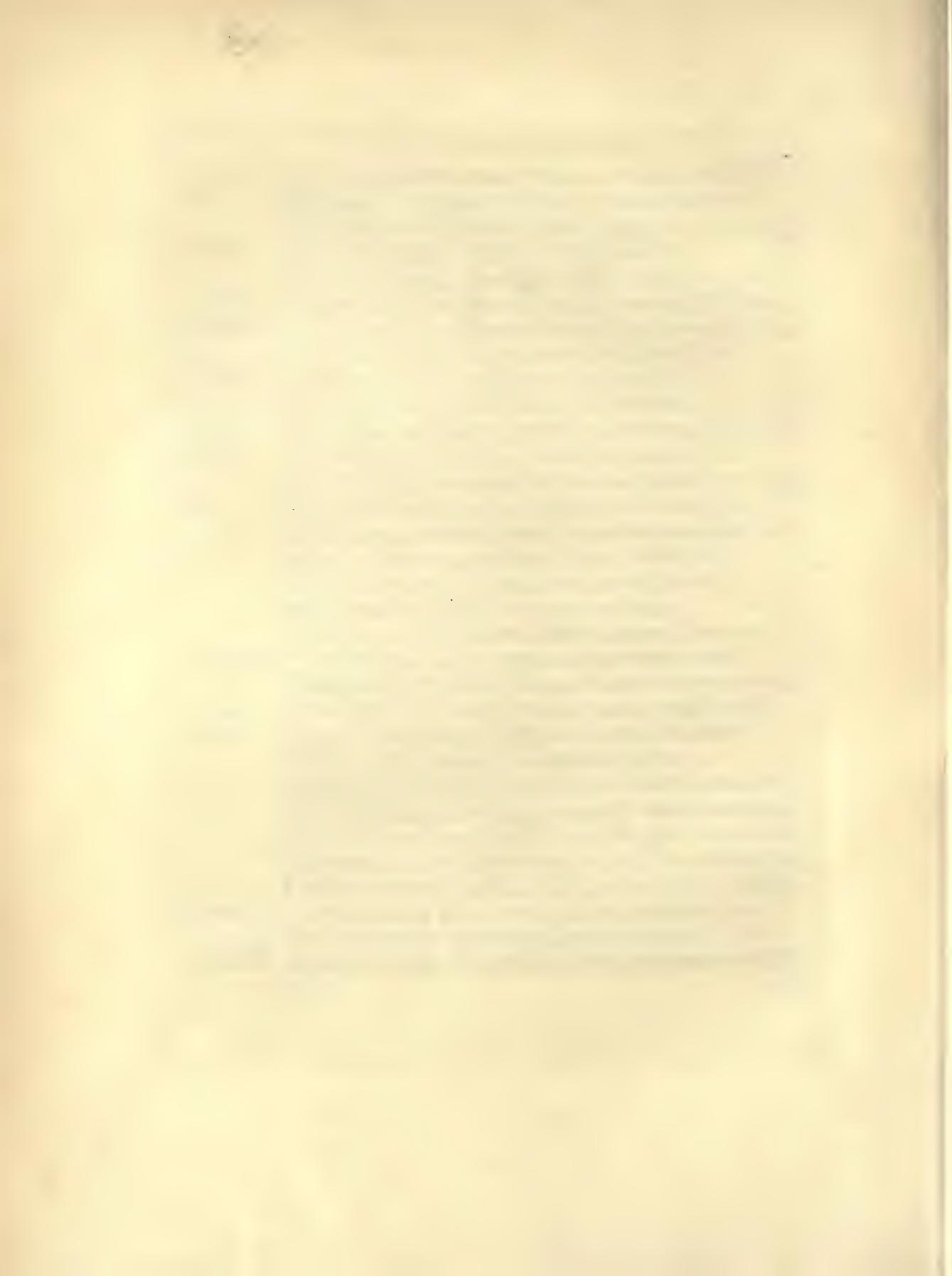
Pride. Let vs returne agayne to our ornamentes,
I would haue you pleasant alway in your garments
Upon your forehead you must weare a bon grace,
Which like a penthouse may com farre ouer your face,
And an other from your nose vnto your throte,
Of heluet at the least, without spot or moate,
Your garments must be so wozne alway,
That your white pappes may be seene if you may.

Captiuit
t. It will allure them to loue, and soone byng them in.

Concu
piscice. Both damsels and wenes vse many such feates,
I know them that will lay out their faire teates,
Purposely men to allure vnto their loue,
For it is a thyng that doth the heart greatly moue,
At such sightes of wemen I haue knownen men in dede
That with ralking & beholding their noses wil bledē.
Through great rorage moued by such goodly sightes,
Labouring the matter further with al their myghts.

Mary. Your wordes do not onely prouoke my desire,
But in pleasure they set my heart onfyre.

Infideli. Sometime for your pleasure you may weare a pad,
But



of Mary Magdalene.

But abone all thyngs gyrd your self in the waste,
Upon your ouer body you may nothyng els weare,
But an vnlined garment without any other geare.
Let your body be pent, and togithir strained,
As hard as may be, though therby you be pained.

Use will make the thyng easy there is no doubt.

Yea pardie, gentlewomen vse it now all about.

Your nether garmēts must go by gymmes & ioynts
Aboue your buttocks thei must be tied on w points.
Somewomen a doublet of fyne lynnē vse to weare
Unto the which they tye theyz other nether geare,
With biers & houpes your garments must be made,
Pleasure your mynion shall shew you in what trade.

In the wast I wil haue ye as small as a wand.
Yea so smal, that a man may span you with his hand.

It skilleth not though in the buttocks you be great
No for there she is like many tymes to be beate.

Well wantons well, are ye not ashamed?
In dede mistresse, they are worthy to be blamed.

You must reioyce in your richesse and good,
And set muche by your kynrede and noble blood:
Boast of them, and when of them you do talke,
Of their comendatiōs let your song euermore walke.
Daily thus, my lord my father, or mi lady my mother
My lord my uncle, and my maister my brother.

I promise you I come of a stocke right honozable, Mary.
Therefore my talk of them can not be to comendable.

It is a stocke (they say) right honozable and good,
That hath neither thefe nor whote in their blood.

No more wordes: how say you M. hereby pleasure?

Forsooth swete heart, I loue him beyond al measure, Mary.
Body of god, for this al this while haue I wozought.

Pride.

Cupidit.

Inside-
lute.

Concur-
piscence.

Infidel.

Car.con.

Parie.

Pypde.

D.i.

By

An Enterlude of the Repentance

By your smirking loke oftimes on hym so I thought
What do you loue hym better than you loue me :

Mary. Which of you I shoulde loue best truly I can not se :
Insidie. This is a true proverbe, and no fained fable,
Litie. Few wemens wordes, be honest, constant, and stable.
Concupiscentie. Truly M. Mary if ye loue me, ther is nothing lost,
Loue they say, ieopardeth all, and spareth for no cost,
Voluptas autem est sola qua nos vocet ad te,
Et aliciat suape natura,

Pleasure sayth one man, of his owne nature,
Allecteth to hym every humayn creature :
Now what person soever doth pleasure hate,
As a beast is to be abhested both early and late,
Let me haue a worde or two in your eare.

How say you by that, like you not that pretie geare :

Ha, ha, ha, you are a fond body pleasaunte verily.

Doth he not moue you to matrimonie :

Take hede that he bryng you not to suche dotage,
For many incommodities truely be in mariage.

Cupidilli : cuper habent leues, alterq; iurgia lectus,

In quo nupta iacet minimum dormitur in illo,
The bedde wherin lieth any maried wife,
Is never without chidynge, brawlyng, and strife,
That woman shall never sleape in quiete,
Which is maried contrary to his diete.

Prove. Of all bondage truely this is the ground,

A gentlewoman to one husband to be bound.

Cat. con. Tushe mistresse Mary, be ye not in subiection,
Better it is to be at your owne election.

What thyng in this world excelleth libertie :

Neither gold nor treasure for a suretie,
Take you now one, and then an other hardely,

Such



Such as for the tyme will to you louyngly apply.

That will be a meane truly to lese my good name. Mary.
And so among the people I shal suffer blame. Cowen

Ye shal not kepe my counsel, if ye can not kepe your Infide-
lities. Can you not make good chere, but it must be knowne litie.

As touching that, I will be to you such a meane, Concen-
As shal teache you alwaies to conuey the matter cleare plesance.
Take you none but gentlemen with velvet coates, Pride.
It is to be thought, that they ar not without groates

In any wise see that your louers be yong and gay, Cupidit
And suche fellowes as be well able to pay.

Say truely if I shold attempt any such geare, Mary.
I would take where I loued alway here and there.

Spoken like a worthy swete gyrdle by the masse, Concen-
I warant all this geare will well come to passe. plesance.
You must euer haue a tongue well fyled to flatter, Infide-
Let your garmentes be sprinkled with rose water. lities.
Use your ciuet, pommander, muske, whiche be to sell,
That the odoz of you a myle of, a man may smell,
With swete oyntments such as you can appoynt,
Use you euermore your propre body to anoynt.

With fine meats & pure wines do your body nozish Concen-
That will cause you in all pleasure to florish: plesance.
And when one for your mynde you can espys,
Use a smylyng countenance and a wanton eye:

Upon all suche as ye mynd not, looke you aloft, Pride.
To them that be not of your diet be you not soft.

Ha, ha, ha, laugh now I pray God I dye if euer I Mary.
Such pleasant companions as you all be. Did se,
You speake of many thynges here of pleasure,
Whiche to vse truely requireth muche treasure.

If you can wisely occupie this pretie geare, Car. con
D.ii. I will

AN ENTREE OR THE REPENTANCE

I will warant you to get an hundred ponnd a yeare.

Insid-
er-
line. Hold vp the market, and let them pay for the ware,
Be ever catchyng and takyng, doe you not spare,

Mary. I may vse daliace and pastyme a while,
But the courage of youth will soone be in exile.
I remember yet since I was a little foole,
That I learned verses when I went to schoole,
Which be these :

Forma bona fragilis est, quantum accedit ad annos,
Fit minor, & spacio carpitur illa suo,
Nec semper viola, nec semper lilia floront,
Et riger amissa spina relicta rosa:

The pleasure of youth is a thyng right frayle,
And is yearely lesse, so that at length it doth fasse,
The swete violets and lylies flourishe not alway :
The rose soone drieþ, and lasteth not a day.

I see in other women by very experiance,
That the tyme of youth hath no long permanence.

Insid-
er-
line. In good faith when ye ar come to be an old maude,
Then it will be best for you to play the baude.

In our countrey there be suche olde mother bees,
Which are glad to cloke baudry for their fees.
This is the order, such as wer harlots in their youth
May vse to be baudes euermore for a trusþ.

Pride. When the courage of them is altogether past,
In age they vse to get their living with such a cast.

Cupiditi. Cushe, your frends hane left you honest possessiōs,
Which you may employ after suche discretions,
That a worshippfull state you may maintayne,
Besides that, with the other feate you may gayne.
Oppresse your tenantes, take fines, and raise rentes.
Hold vp your houses and lands with their contents.

Bye



of Mary Magdalene.

Bye by great measure, and sell by small measure,
This is a way to amplifie your treasure:

Sell your ware for double more than it is worth,
Though it be starke nought, yet put it forth.
A thousand castes to enrich you I can tell,
If you be content to vse alway my counsell.

Yes by the faith of my body, els I were not wise, Mary.
For my profite is your counsell and devise.

Now say you mistresse Mary, tell vs your mynde, Insid-
To embrase vs & loue vs can you in your heart fynd? little.

Truly hart rote I loue you all, iii. with al my hart, Mary.
Trusting that none of vs from other shall depart.

In token wherof, I embrase you in myne armes,
Trusting that you will defend me from all harmes:

Will we: yea we will see so for your prosperite, Pride.
That you shall lyue in toy and felicitie.

I will see that you shall haue good in abundance, Cupidit.
Comaintaine you in all pleasure and daliiance.

And new kyndes of pastyme I will inuent, Concu-
With the which I trust ye shal be content. piscere.

Mistresse Mary can you not play on y virginals: Insidell.
Yes swete heart that I can, and also on the regals, Mary.

There is no instrument but that handle I can,
I thynde as well as any gentlewoman.

If that you can play vpon the recorder, Insid-
I haue as fayre a one as any is in this border, little.
Truely you haue not sene a more goodlie pipe,
It is so bigge that your hand can it not gripe.

Will you be so good as to play vs a daunce: Pilde.
And we wil do you as great pleasure it may chaunce.

Alas we haue no suche instrument here. Mary.
I knowe where you may haue all suche geare. Car. com

An Enterlude of the Repentance

No instrumentes nor pastime that you can requisite,
But I can bryng you vnto it at your desire.

Cupiditi Will you take the Payne to go before thither?
And mistresse Mary and we will come togither.

Infideli. How say you mistresse Mary, are you content?
Mary. Looke what you will do, I will thereto assent.

Pride. I thinke it best that we.iii. depart hence,
And let mistresse Mary com thither with Prudence.

Infide. Be it so, then you and I will come alone,
Ius. I trust that by the way we will make one,
Nay M. Mary we must haue a song of.iii. partes
At your departring to reioye our mery hartes.

Cupiditi The treble you shall maister Pleasure syng
So freshly that for ioy your heart shall spypng,
Utilitie can syng the base full cleane,
And Noble Honoz shall syng the meane.

Infide. Mistresse Mary will you helpe to syng a part?
Mary. Yea swete heart with you with all my hart.
In faith we will haue a song of your name.

Infideli. Come syng helpe I pray you to syng the same.

The song Hey very, very, with a lusty very,
Hoigh mistresse Mary, I pray you be mery.

Your pretie person we may compare to Lais,
A morsell for princes and noble kynges,
In beautie you excell the fayre lady Thais,
You excede the beautefull Helene in all thynges,
To behold your face who can bo wearie?

Hoigh mistresse Mary, I pray you be mery.
The haire of your head shyneth as the pure gold,
Your eyes as gray as glasse and right amiable,
Your smylyng countenance so louely to behold,
To vs all is mosse pleasant and delectable.

D



of Mary Magdalene.

Of your commendations who can be wearis?

Hussa mystresse Mary, I pray you be mery;
Your lyps as ruddy as the redde Rose,
Your teeth as white as euer was the whales bone,
So cleane, so swete, so sayre, so good, so freshe, so gay,
In all Iurie truely at this day there is none.
With a lolly voyce syng we Hey dery dery.

Hussa mystresse Mary, I pray you be mery.

Suche pleasant copanions I haue not sene before, mary.
Now I pray you let vs dwell togither euermore,

To your heart we are so fast conglutinate,
That from thence we shall never be separate.

Pride.
Yet from your syght at this tyme we will depart,
Assuryng you to remayn styll in our hart.

Cupiditie
We thre will go before some thyng to prepare,
That shalbe to your commoditie and welfare.

Car. con
cupiscēs
Mary.
Fare you well my heartes ioy, pleasure, and blisse.
It is good maner at our departing to kisse. Exeunt

All thre
Inside,
Mary.
I must kisse to, if I tary styll.

Inside,
Sparte.
You shall haue kisses inough, euen when you will.
Gramercy in dede myne owne good louyng Jugge

Inside,
Little.
It doth me good in myne armes you to hugge,
How say you now by these mynions?

Mary.
I say as you say in dede they are mynions,
And suche persons as long tyme I haue desired,

I thanke you, that for me you haue them inquired.
You must thinke on the counsell that they did geue,

Inside,
Little.
They will performe their sayinges you shall beleue.

Mary.
I am not oblivious I warant you my freinde,
For I haue printed all their wordes in my mynde,

I haue determined by them to direct my life,
So that no man shalbe able to set vs at strife.

Will

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Inside:
lute. Will you resort with me unto Jerusalem?
There we shall be sure in a place to fynde them.
A banquet they haue prepared for you I dare say,
Suche a one as hath not ben sene before this day.

Mary. Alas why do they suche great cost on me bestow?
Truly because you their good hearts shoud know,
There is nothyng lost that is done for such a friende,
I wis mistresse Mary, I wold you knew al my mind.

Mary. Gentle Prudence if you haue any thyng to say,
Breake your mynd boldly to me as you go by þ way.

Inside:
lute. Will you come; you had nede to go but softly,
Take hede, for the way is soule and slipperie:
If never so litle backward you chaunce to slippe,
Up into your saddle forsooth I am redy to skippe.

Mary. Go wanton, get you forth with sorow,
We shal be at Jerusalem I think to morow. Exeunt.

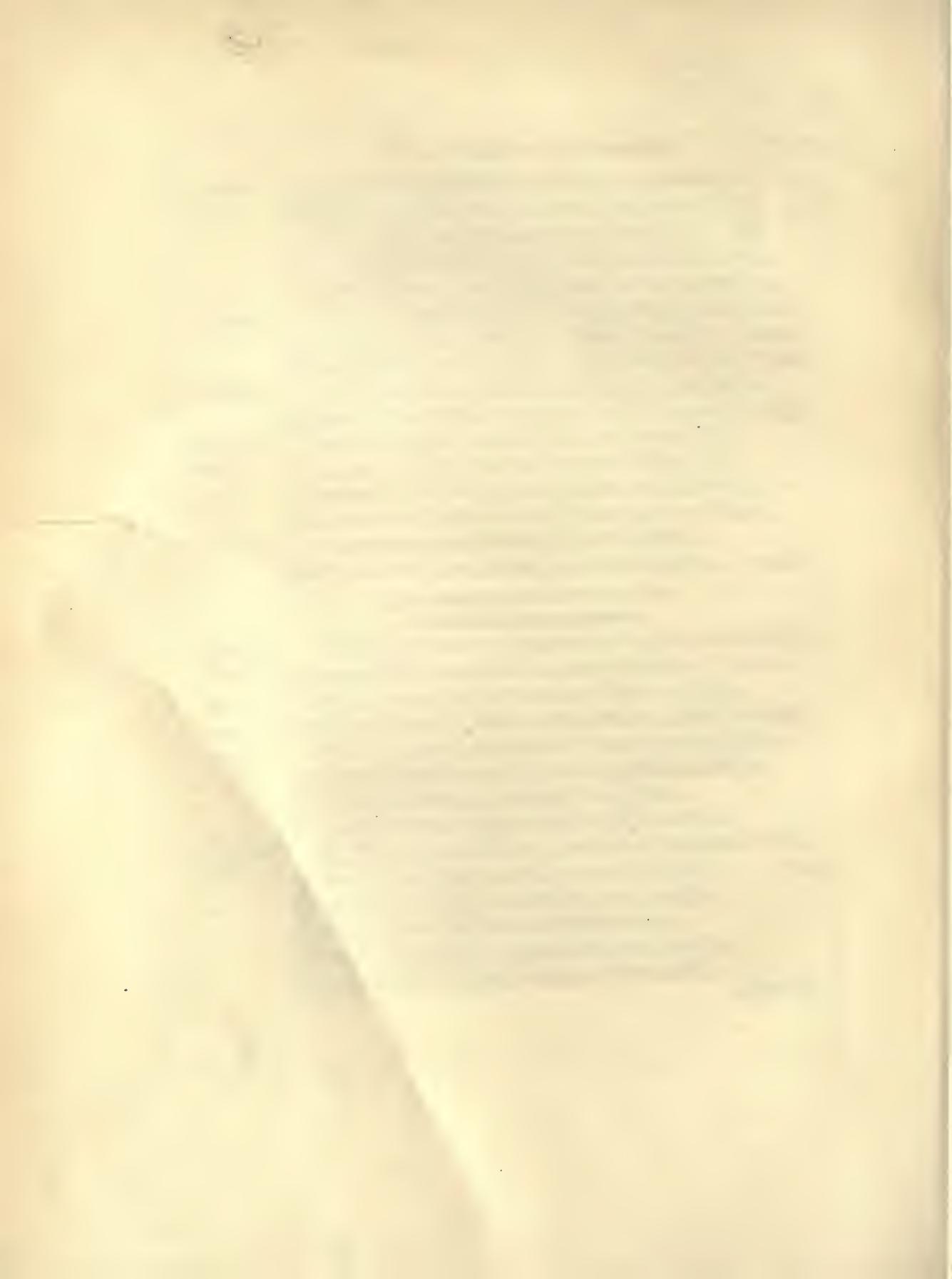
Here entreth Symon the pharisie,
... and Malicious Judgement.

Simon þ pharisie. I thought surely þ here we shold haue found him,
It was shewed me that he was here about in dede,
The last welke he was at the Cite of Naim,
And from thens I wote not whether he did procede.

Simon. He did a maruellous act there as we heard say,
For the which the people do him greatly praise,
Maruels he worketh almost every day.
At Naim a dead chylde agayne he did rayse.

Malicio^u Judge. All things he doth by the power of the great devill,
And that you may see by his conuersation,
He kepereth company with suche as be evyll,
And with them he hath his habitation:
A frende of sinners, and a dynker of wyne,
Never conuersant with suche as be honest.

Against



Against the law he teacheth a doctrine,
All holy Religion he doth detest,
The reverend bishops and you the pharisees,
He calleth hiperites, and doth you revile,
So he doth the doctours and scribes of all degrees,
Beside that, the Saboth also he doth defile.
He bleseth as great blasphemie as euer was,
The sonne of the lyuyng God he doth hymselfe call,
He saith, that he is the very same M^{ess}ias,
Prophesied before of the Prophets all,
I promise you right worshipfull Simon,
Your temple, lawe, and people shal be made captiue,
If in this sort he be suffered alone,
And you shall lose all your prerogatiue.

We the fathers of the clergie divers seasons, Simon
About hym haue consulted toghether,
To destroy hym we haue alleged reasons,
But many thyngs therin we do consider.
His doctrine is maruellous this is true,
And his warkes are more maruellous douflesse,
If as yet we shold chaunce hym to pursue,
Muche inconuenience might chaunce and distresse,
The people do hym for a great Prophete take,
He doth so muche good among them that be sicke,
That they wote not what on hym to make,
For he healeth bothe the madde and the lunatike.

Me thinke verily, that it doth you behoue, Malicio^t judge.
Which are men of learnyng and intelligence,
His doctrine and miracles wisely to proue,
And whence he had them to haue experiance.

By my faith I wil tell you what was my pretence, Simon;
To haue bidden him to dynner this day I thought,

An Enterlode of the Repentance

Where we would haue examined his science,
And by what power suche wonders he brought:
But if I can not haue hym in my house this day,
I will appoynt an other day for the same cause.
Then will we appoint for hym some other way.
If we fynd hym contrary to our lawes.

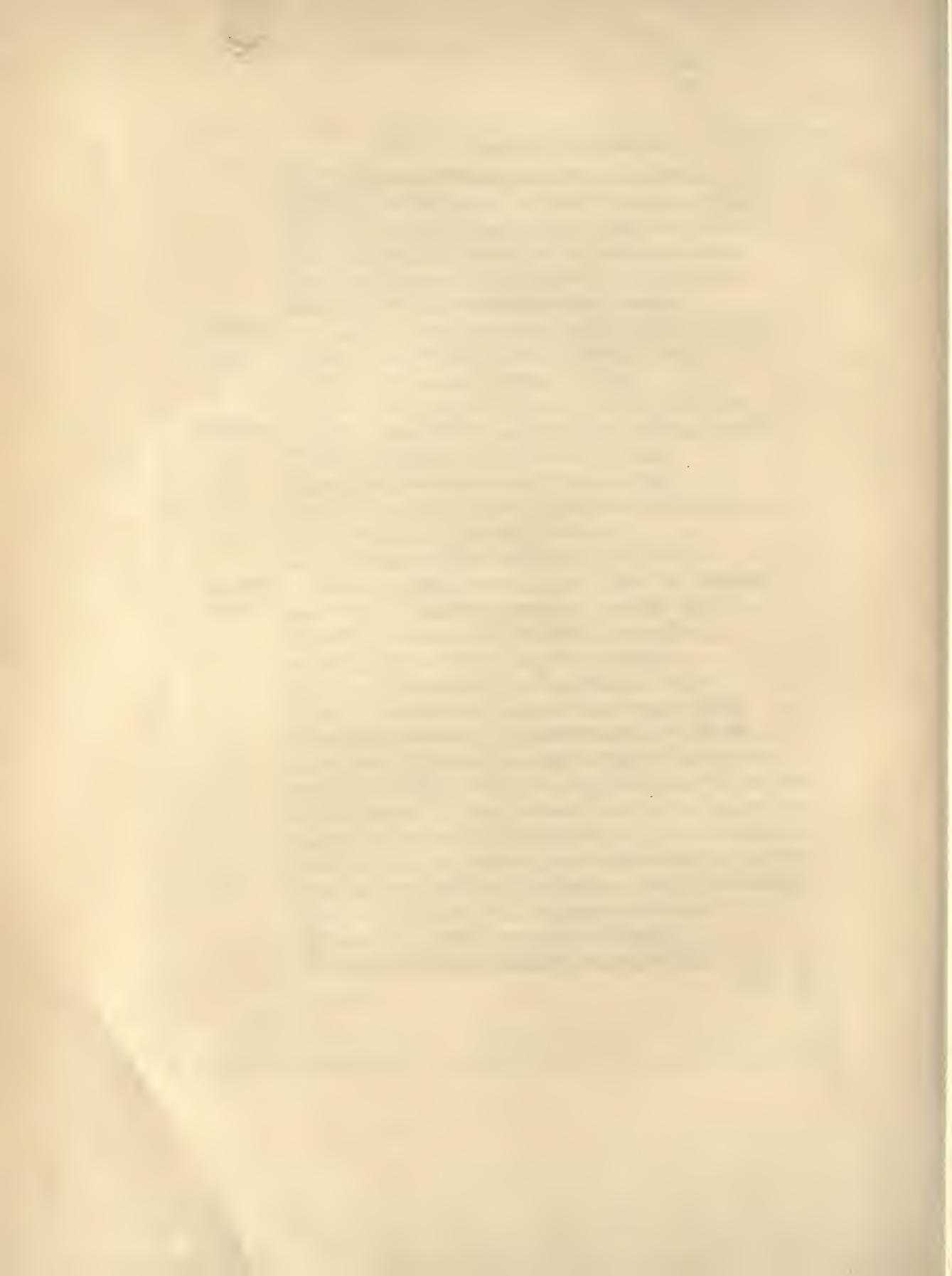
Malicio² Ne credas tempon, trust not the tyme he doth say;
iudge. I feare that you will permitte hym to long:

There is ever peryll in muche delay,
Neuer suffre you to raigne ought that is wrong.

Simon. Well, seyng that at this tyme he doth not appere,
I will returne hence as fast as I may,
Take you the Payne a whyle to tary here
To see if he chance at any tyme to come this way.
Or if you here where he is resident,
Let vs haue worde as fast as ever you can.

Malicio² As concernyng your request I will be diligent,
iudge. To doe you pleasure evermore I am your man.
It shall cost me a fall I promise hym truely,
Except I byng hym shortly to an ende.
Watche for hym will I, in all places duely,
I will know what the merchant doth intende.
A beggerly wretch, that hath not of his owne,
One house or cabyn wherin he may rest his heade:
His parents for poore labooring folks ar wel known,
And haue not y^e things which hold stand the in steve.
No man knoweth where he lerned & went to schoole,
And yet he taketh vpon hym to teache men doctrine.
But within a while he will proue hym selfe a foole,
And come to bitter destruction and ruine.
Is he able, thynke you, to withstande,
So many bishops, priests, and pharisies,

Grease



of Mary Magdalene.

Great learned men, and seniorz of the lande,
With other people that be of their affinites:
His foly by his presumption he doth declare,
A while we are content that he doth raigne.
But I trust to make him wearie of his welfare,
If I may see hym in this countrey agayne.

Ha, ha, ha, laugh quod he: laugh I must in dede, Infide-
listie.

I never sawe a bolder harlot in my life,
To prompt hir forward we shall not nede,
No poynt of synne but that in hit is rife.

Infidele: what a diuell doest thou here:
I had not knowen thee but by thy voyce.

Malicious iudgement I pray thee what chere,
To see thee mery at my heart I doe reioyce.

What a diuell meanest thou by this geare:
This garment is not of the wonted fashon.

For every day I haue a garment to weare,
Accordyng to my worke and operation,

Among the Pharisies, I haue a Pharisies gown,
Among publicans and synners an other I use,
I am best I tell thee now, both in citie and towne,
And chiefly among the people of the Jewes.

This is the cause: their Messias, who Christ they cal
Is come into the world, sinners to forgeue.

Now my labour is both with great and small,
That none of them do hym nor his wordes beleue.

The bishops & pharisies I make þ more hard harted
The synnes of them that are disposed to synne,
I augment, so that they can not be conuerted,
So that hard it will be any grace to wynne.

Among them Malicious iudgement is not my name malicio-
The true intellecction of the law they doe me call, iudges:

E.ii. Carnally

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Carnally I cause them to vnderstand the same,
And accordyng to their owne malice to iudge all.

Insde.
lute.
Malicio^s
iugement

Thou knowest that among the I am Justice legal
For by the dedes of the law they will be iustified,
So that the doctrine of the Messias euangelicall,
Shalbe despised, and he therfore crucified.

The reverend father Simon the Pharisie,
To haue spoken with him, euen now was here:
Under the pretence of frendship and amitie,
He would bid him to dinner, and make him good cheare,
Not for any good will that to hym he doth owe,
But to proue his fashion, learnyng, and power.

Good will quod he: No, no that I do know.
Insde.
lute.
Malicio^s
iugement

For yf they durst, he shoud die within this houre,
But let this passe, I will tell thee what I haue done,
Knowest thou not a wench called Mary Magdalene

Yes mary, I dyd see her yesterday at noone,
A pretie wenche she is in deede and a cleane.

Insde.
lute.
Malicio^s
iugement

I haue brought her now into suche a case,
That she is past the feare of God and shame of man,
She woxketh priuily in euery place,
Yea and prouoketh other thereto now and than,
I would thou dydste see hit disposition,
Thou hast not sene hit like I think in thy dayes.

Malicio^s
iugement

If she haue tasted of thy erudition,
I doubt not but she knoweth all wicked ways,
To se her fashion I would bestowe my forty pence,
But at this tyme I can no longer tary here,
About my busynesse I must depart hence,
Seekyng for the same Christ both farre and nere.

Insde.
lute.
Malicio^s
iugement

Very little I hope for his commoditie.
To doe hym any good doest thou intende?

Thou

of Mary Magdalene.

Thou knowest my mynde right well Infidelite, Malicio
What mede we any moe tyme to spende? iudge:
Farewell, thou wilt come to dinner to day,
Master Symon will haue him if it be possible. Exe.

Thou knowest that I dwell with such men alway, Infidel
For in his heart I am euen now inuisible. iuite.

Well remembred, yet I must prouide a garment
Agaynst that I come to my master Symon,
About the whiche the preceptes of the testament
Must be written in order one by one.

Nowe will I returne to my minion againe
I may not from hit be away absent.

If hit compaite I shold a litle refraine,
I knowe well that she wold not be content.
Hoxeson, I belchowre your heart, are you here? Mary

I may doe what I will for you.

Husta mistresse Mary, are you so neare? Infidel
I thought otherwise I make God auowe.
I pray you let me haue a wozde in your eare,
I promise you he is a mynion felowe.

By my faith I thought that you had ben there,
For I laboe when you dyd hym folow.

By my faith Prudepce you haue a false eye, Mary
A body can never so secrely worke,

But that theyz daliance you will espie,
I trowe for the nones you lye in corners and lurke.

But serra, how say you to hym in the flaxen beard?
That is a knaue that hoxeson, wote you what he did?

In my life was I never worse astrayde,
When I came to bed, I found him there hid.
Out alas, quod I, here is some yll spirite,
A swete sauour of muske and ciuet I smelt,

E. iii.

Come

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Come and lye with me Mary quod he, this night,
Then I knew who it was, when his beard I felt.

Inside.
Mist.
I behrew your hearts, whare & these wer agreed
You knew the spirit wel inough before you cam there
I am sure, that so honestly he had you feed,
That the reward dyd put away the feare.

Mary.
Good lord, who is this that yonder doth come &
What meane the tables that be in his hand?

Inside.
Mist.
Come asyde a little, and geue hym roume,
And what he is anone we shall vnderstand.

The
Lawe.
The Lawe of God at this tyme I do represent,
Written with the synger of God in tables of stone,
Wherby the people might know their lord omnipoter
And how that he is the Lord God alone.

A peculiare people to him selfe he had elected,
Comming of the stocke of faithfull Abraham,

Whom by the lawe he would haue directed,

After that out of Egypt from Pharaos they came,
In me as in a glasse it doth plainly appere,

What God of his people doth require,
What the peoples dretie is, they may see here,

Whiche they owe unto God in paine of hell syre.

In me is declared the same iustice,
Whiche unto God is acceptable.

Mans synne is here shewed, and proude enterprize,
Wherby he is conuicted to paines perdurable.

It was necessary and it dyd behoue,

Considering mans pride and temeritie,

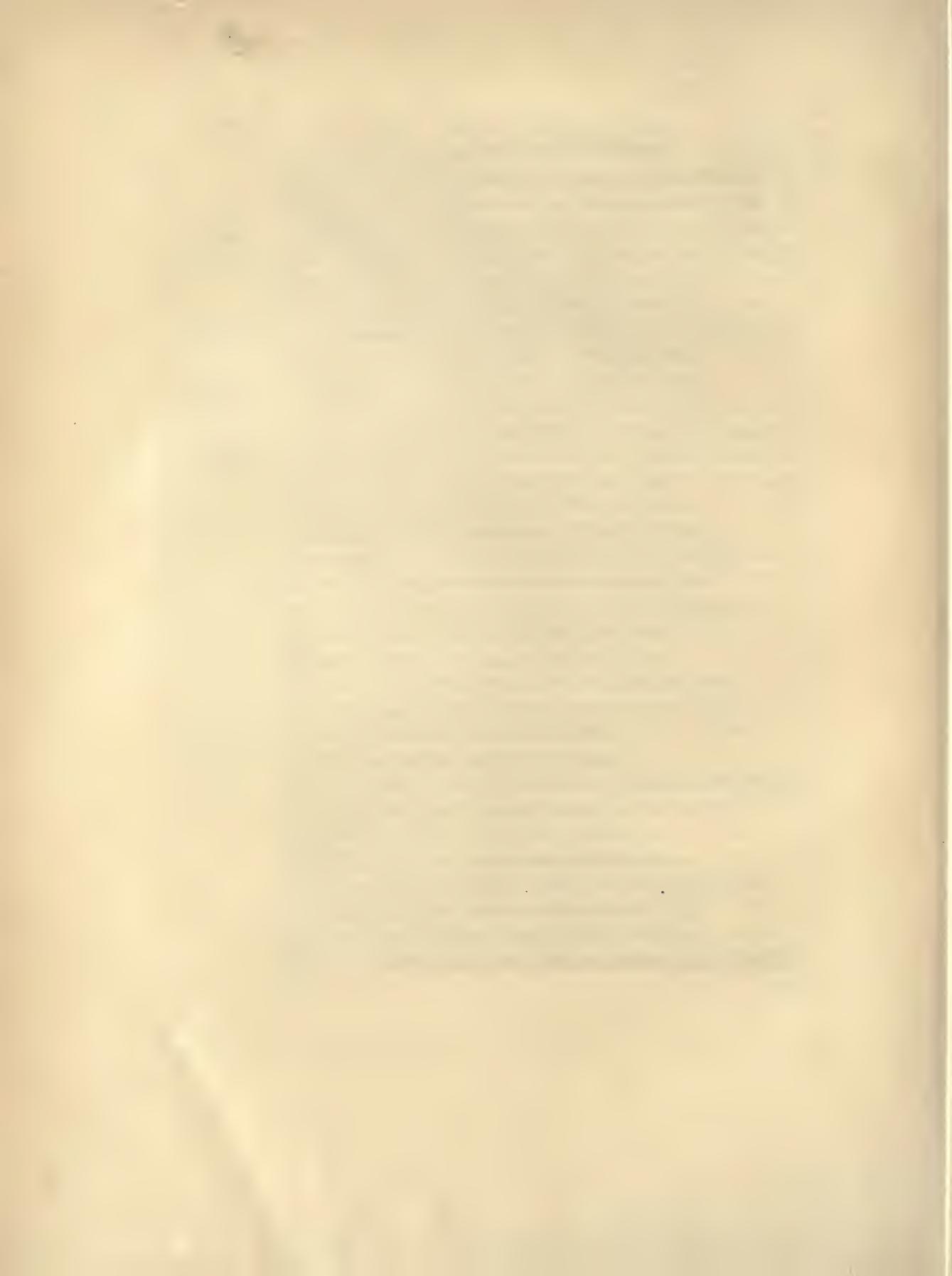
Whiche was dzonke and blynde in his owne loue,

To make a lawe to shewe his imbecillitie.

Except the lawe had rebuked his vanitie,

So much he would haue trusted in his own strength

And



of Mary Magdalene.

And beleued, that through þ power of his humanite,
He might haue obtained saluation at length.
Wherfore as I sayd to a glasse compared I may be,
Wherin cleerly as in the sunne lyght,
The weakenesse and sinne of him self he may se,
Yea and his owne damnation as it is ryght.
For the curse of God foloweth synne alway,
And damnation foloweth male diction:
By this it appereth as cleare as the day,
That my office is to fyll the mynde with affliction,
I am a ministracion of death woxkyng yre,
I shewe Gods request, and mans vnabilitie,
I condemne hym for synne unto eternall fyre,
I fynde not one iust of mans fragilitie.

O Prudence, heare you not what the law doth say, mary.
Exceedingly it pricketh my conscience.
I may criue out alas nowe and welaway,
For I am damned by Gods owne sentence.
Prick of conciēce, quod she: it pricketh you not so soore. In dede
Is the yong man with the flaxen beard dyd I thinke late.
What a diuell about him here do you poare.
If euer I see any suchz, I pray God I synke,
The more you loke on him, þ worse like him you shall.
Come away, come away from him for very shame.
And in dede will you be gasyng on him stylz
If you repent not this, let me suffer blame.

O frend Prudence, doe you see yonder glasse? Mary.
I will tell what therin I doe see:
I can not speake for sorowre, now out alasse,
All men for synne by Gods sentence damned be.
The spirite of God speaketh by kyng **S** alomon,
That no man on earth lyueth without synne.

David.

An Enterlude of the Repentance

David saith there is none good, no not one,
No not a child that this day doth his life begynne.
Nowe synne I see requireth eternall damnation,
If a childe be damned that is but a day olde,
Alas, where then shall be my habitation?
Whiche hath done moze synnes than can be tolde.

The Lawe. Yea woman, God doth not onely prohibite the dede,
But he forbiddeþ the lust and concupiscente,
Therefore thy heart hath great occasion to blede,
For many lustes and dedes hath defiled thy conscience.

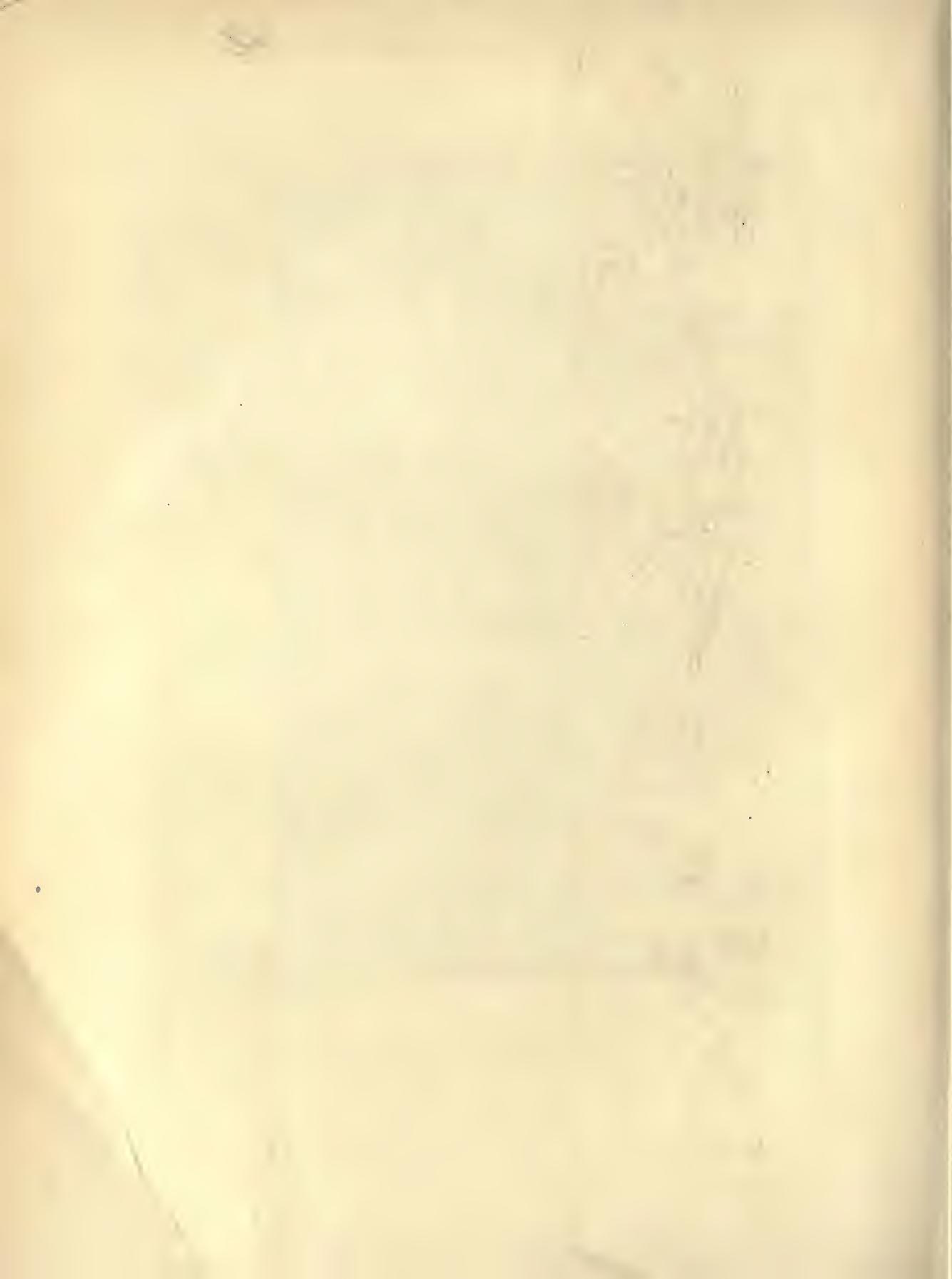
Inside, hie. Body of God, are you so madde him to beleue:
These thyngs are written to make folkes astrayde,
Will ye to hym or to me credence geue?
Or to your frends, by whom you wer never dismayde?
And I put case that the wordes nowe were trewe,
He speaketh of men, but no women at all,
Women haue no soules, this saying is not newe,
Men shall be damned, and not women which do fall.

the Law. By this terme man, truely in holy Scripture,
Is vndertake both man, woman, and child in dede,
Yea as many of both kyndes as be of mans nature,
Whiche prode of Adam the first parents sede.

Enter know- ledge of synne. By the Lawe commeth the knoledge of synne,
Whiche knoledge truely here I represent,
Whiche streate and byte the conscience within,
Causing the same euermore to lament.
I am euermore before the conscience sight,
Shewyng before hym his condemnation,
So that by the dedes of the law, or by his owen might
He can not attaine vnto saluation.

Inside, hie. Lo Mary, haue ye not sponne a fayre shrede?
Here is a pochy knaue, and an yll fauoured,

Tho



The deuill is not so euill fauoured I thinke in dede,
Corrupt, rotten, stinkyng, and yll sauoured.

It is not possible truly to declare here,
The horriblie, lothsome, and stinkyng vilitie,
Whiche before the eyes of God doth appere,
Committed by this wretched womans iniquitie.

Know-
ledge of
synne.

Now wo be to the time that euer I was borne,
I see that I am but a damned deuill in hell,
I know that there with diuels I shall be toerne,
And punished with moze pains than my song can tell
O blessed Lawe shew me some remedy,
The Prophete calleth thee immaculate and pure,
Thou of thy selfe in many places doest testifie,
That the kepers of thee are alway safe and sure.

Mary.

He that obserueth all thyngs written in me,
Shall liue in them, as Moyses doth expresse :—
But never man yet in this world I dyd see,
Which dyd not the contentes in me transgresse.
It is beyond all mans possibilitie,
To obserue any commaundement in me required,
Therby appeareth his weaknesse and fragilitie,
Hapned through sinne, that against God he cōspired.

the Law

The power of the law is mans synne to declare,
And to shew his damnation for the same,
But to giue saluation for the soules welfare,
The lawe doth no suche promise any tyme proclaime.

Know-
ledge of
synne.

If there be no moze comfort in the lawe than this,
I wilhe that the lawe had never ben made:
In God I see is small mercy and Justice,
To entangle men, and snarle them in such a trade.

I can you thanke for that Mary in dede :
Well spoken, an vniust God do you esteme,

Insides
little.

F. i. Euen

THE CANTERBURY TALES

Even from the heart that sentence dyd proceде,
Feare not, their bniust God do you blasphemē :
You see no remedy but bter damnation.
Folowe my counsell, and put care away,
Take here your pleasure and consolation,
And make you mery in this worlde while you may.
Of one hell I would not haue you twayne to make;
Be sure of a heauen while you dwell here,
Refresh your self, and al pleasure doe you take,
Blucke vp a lusty heart, and be of a good chere,

Mary.

O this knowledgē of synne is so in my syght,
That if I shold dye truely I can not be mery.

Inside.
little.

We will ridde the knaue hence anon by this light,
Or else of his life I will soone make him wearie.

the Law

O synner, from thy heart put that infidelitie,
Which hath yroned thee already in the pit of hell,
Trust thou in Gods might and possibilite,
Wherof neither angell nor man is able to tell.

Know-
ledge of
synne.

That thing in dede, whiche to man is impossible,
Is a small thyng for God to bryng to passe,
This mercy to all senses is comprehensible,
Which he will declare by his holy Messias.

the Law

That thing which I cā not do through my infirmity
God is able by his son to perform in tyme appointed,
All my contentes be shadowes of his maiestie,
Whom now in this tyme God hath annoynted.

Know-
ledge of
synne.

That Messias alone onely shall the lawo fulfill,
And his fulfilling shall be in suchē acceptation,
That God for his sake shall pardon mankyndes yll,
Acceptyng his offeryng for a full contentation.

the Law

That Messias is the stōne spoken of before,
Whiche of wayne builders shold be refusēd,

Yet



Yet he shall be the corner stōne of honour,
Which in the building of gods tēple shal be vſed.

And all that trust in hym with true beleue,
That he is very God and man, into this world ſent,
God will all their synnes for his ſake forȝeue,
So that they can be contrite and repente.

I ever beleued yet vnto this day,
That God was able of nothyng all things to make,
And as well I beleue also that he may,
Forȝeue, and mercy vpon synners take,
But ſeyng that he hath made a determination,
By a law that none ſhall be ſaued good or badde,
Then he that would loo ke for any ſaluation,
Truly I take hym ten tymes for worse, than madde.

He that will not the kepers of the law ſauie,
Which obſerue diligently his commaundementes,
Much leſſe iſt, on them mercy he will haue,
Which haue condenmed all his words & iudgements.

Wel Mary, I haue condenmed thee vnto hell fyze, the Law
Yet not ſo condenmed thee, but if thou canſt beleue
In that Mēllias, which for thee doth enquire,
There is no doubt but thy ſinnes he will forȝeue.
Thy ſore is knownen, receiue thy ſalue and medicine,
I haue the ſiche to the leache, gene good eare,
Hearken diligently vnto his good discipline,
And he will heale thee, doe nothyng feare. Exit.

Let me ſeyle your poules miſtrelle Mary be you ſick Inſide
By my trouth in a good tēpre as any woman can be iutte
Your paines are full of bloud, lusty and quicke,
In better taking truly I did you neuer ſee.

The body is whole, but ſick is the conſcience,
Which neither the law nor man is able to heale, Know-
ledge of
ſinne.

F.ii.

It is ſinne.

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE REPENTANCE

It is the wry of God receyued with penitence,
Like as the boke of wisedome doth plainly reurale.

Insides.
littie.
Conscience: how doth thy conscience little Malle
Was thy conscience sicked, alas little foole?
Hooreson fooles, set not a pynne by them all,
Wise inough in dede, to folowe their foolish Schoole.
You bottell nosed knaue, get you out of place,
Auoyde stinkyng hooreson, a poyson take thee,
Hence, or by God I will lay thee on the face,
Take hede that hereafter I doo you not see.

Know-
ledge of
synne.
Though I appere not to hit carnall syght,
Yet by the meanes that she knoweth the lawe,
I shall trouble hit always both day and nighg,
And vpon hit conscience continually gnatwe.

Insides.
littie.
What there i nowe is here but we twayne alone,
Be myre mistresse Mary, and away the mare,
A murreyn go with them, now they be gone,
Plucke vp your stomacke, and put away all care.

Mary.
O maister Prudence, my heart is sore vexed,
The knowledge of synne is before me alway:
In my conscience I am so greuously perplexed,
That I wote not what to doe truly nor say.

Insides.
littie.
Benedicite, arte thou come with a vengeaunce?
What wilt thou do: Mary, doe you love me?
My wordes print well in your remembrance,
To yonder felowes saying doe you never gree?

Christ
Jesus.
Into this worlde God hath sent his owne,
Not to iudge the world, or to take vengeaunce,
But to preache forgiuenesse and pardon,
Through true faith in hym, and perfect repentance,
The sonne of man is come to seke and sauue,

Such



Suche persons as perish and go astray,
God hath promised them lyfe eternally to haue,
If they repent, and turne from theþr euill way,
The kyngdom of heauen is at hand, therfore repent,
Amende your lyues, and the Gospell beleue,
The sonne of God into this world is sent,
To haue mercy on men, and theþr synnes to forȝene.

Here is the Messias, of whom we haue harde, Mary.
What say you Prudence is not this same he ?

A Mary, do you my wordes no more regard,
You haue a waueryng witt now well I doe see,
Is not this a lyke person, the sonne of God to be,
And the Messias whiche the woorlde shoule sauie
He is a false harlot you may beleue me,
Whome you shall see one day handled like a knaue,
If the lawe of God published by Moyses,
Be not able to bryng men to saluation,
Muche lesse suche a wretched man doubtlesse,
Can do ought for your soules consolation.
Tushe take one heauen in this present woorlde here,
You remember what before to you I haue sayd :
Pluck vp your heart wenche, and be of good chere,
Neuer regard his wordes, tushe, be not astrayd.

The lawe hath set my synnes before my syght,
That I can not be mery, but am in despaire :
I knowe that God is a Judge, equall and right,
And that his lawe is true, pure, cleane and fayre.
By this lawe am I condemned alredy to hell.
The wordes he hath spoken must be fulfilled :
Of myrth and ioy it is but foly to tell,
For I perceiue that both body and soule be spilted.

Like as the fether ralleth the dead agayne, Chre.
f. iii. And

Insde
litt.

Mary.

Chre.

AN ENTENCERCE OF THE REPENTANCE

And unto life doth them mercifully restore:
So the sonne quickeneth the dead it is playne,
And giveth them a life to live evermore,
Verily verily I say, he that heareth my voyce,
And belieueth on him that hath me sent,
Shall haue everlasting life therin to rejoyce,
And shall not come into damnable torment.
But the same passe from death unto lyfe,
Repent, and trust in Gods mercy for my sake.
With the sinnes of the world be at debate and strife,
And unto grace my heauenly father will you take.
All they whom the law condemneth for synne,
By faith in me, I save and iustifie,
I am come sinners by repentance to winne,
Like as the prophet before did propheticie.
Thou woman, with mercy I do thee preuent,
If thou canst in the Sonne of God belieue,
And for thy former lyfe be sorry and repent,
All thy sinnes and offences I doe forgeue.

Christ
speakeþ
to Mary.

Infide-
litie.

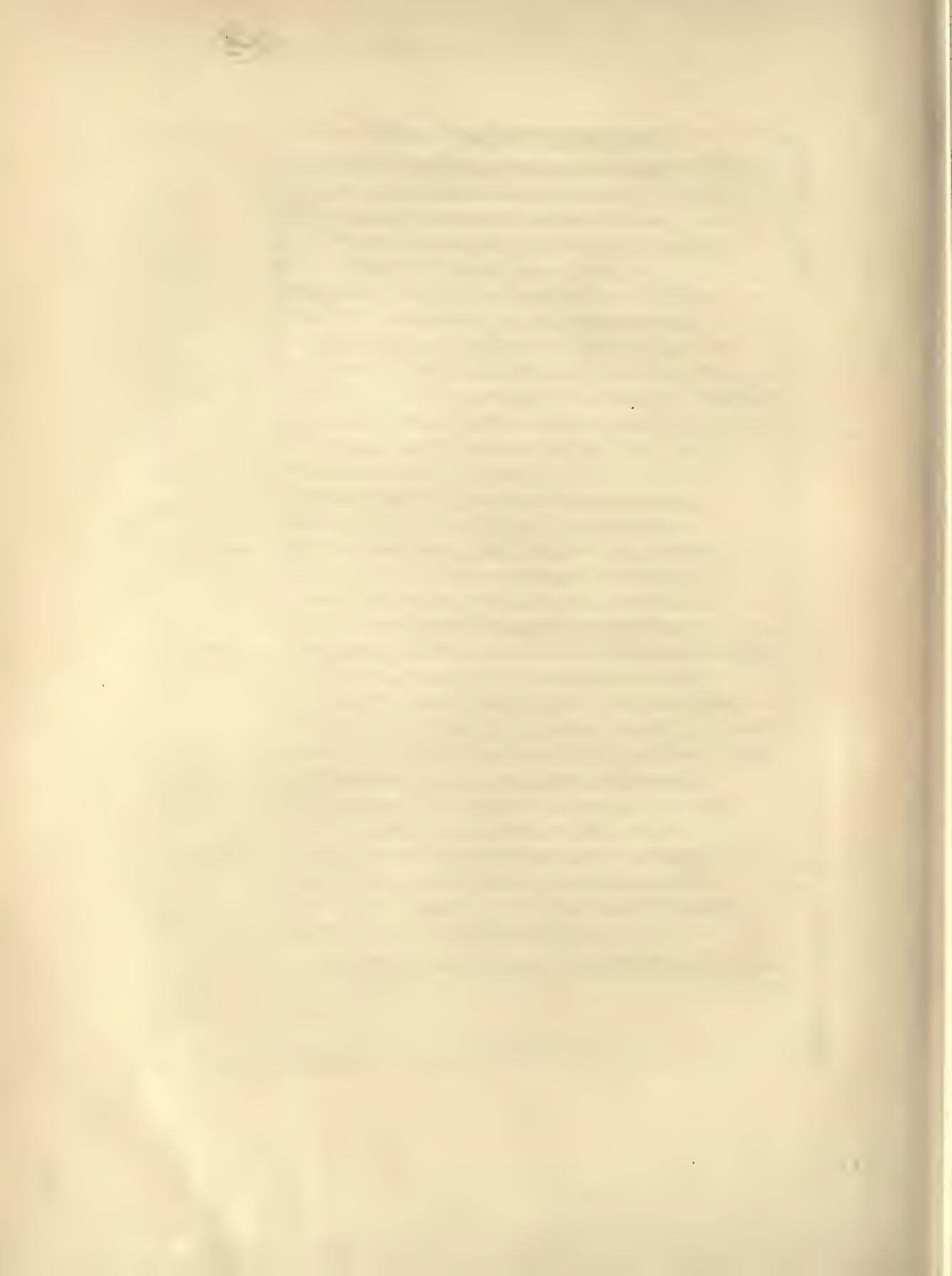
Christ.

Who is the sonne of God sir, of whom do ye talke,
Which hath this power wherof you do boast,
It is best for you out of this countrey to walke,
And never more be sele after in this coast.
The sonne of God quod he: This is a pride in dede,
Crowest thou that the father can suffer this?
They come of Abrahams stocke and holy sede,
And thou saiest that they belieue all amisse.

Ausde out of this woman thou Infidelitie,
With the viii. diuels which haue her possessed,
I banish you hence by the power of my diuinitie,
For to saluation I haue her dresed.

Infidelitie runneth away. Mary falleth flat downe.

for



of Mary Magdalene.

Cry all thus without the doore, and roare terribly.

Deuels.

O Jesus the Sonne of God ever living,
Why comest thou before the tyme vs to torment?&
In no person for thee we can haue any abidynge,
But vpon thee the sonne of God omnipotent,

Arise woman, and thanke the father of heauen,
Which with his mercy hath thee preuented,
By his power I haue rejected from the spiritis seven,
Which with vnbelief haue thy soule tormented.

Christ.

Blessed be thy name O father celestiall,
Honor and glory be giuen to thee world without end,
O Lord, doest thou regard thus a woma terrestrialle
To thee what tong is able worthy thanks to repende
O what a synfull wretche Lord haue I bene i
Hane mercy on me Lord, for thy names sake,
So greuous a sinner before this day was never sene
Vouchsafe therfore compassion on me to take.

Mary.

Canst thou beleue in God, the maker of all thing,
And in his onely sonne, whom he hath sent?

Jesus
Christ.

I beleue in one God, Lord and heauenly kyng,
And in thee his onely sonne with hearty intent.
Good Lord I confesse that thou art omnipotent,
Helpe my slender beliefe and infirmitie:
My faith Lord is waueryng and insufficent,
Stregth it I pray the with the power of thy maiestie,

Mary.

No man can come to me, that is, in me beleue,
Except my father draw hym by his spirite.
Behold Faith and Repentance to thee here I gene,
With all other vertues to thy health requisite.

Christ.
Faith &
repentance
entreth.

Note well the power of Gods omnipotencie:
That soule which of late was a place of deuils,
He hath made a place for him self by his clemencie,
Puryng from thence the multitude of euils.

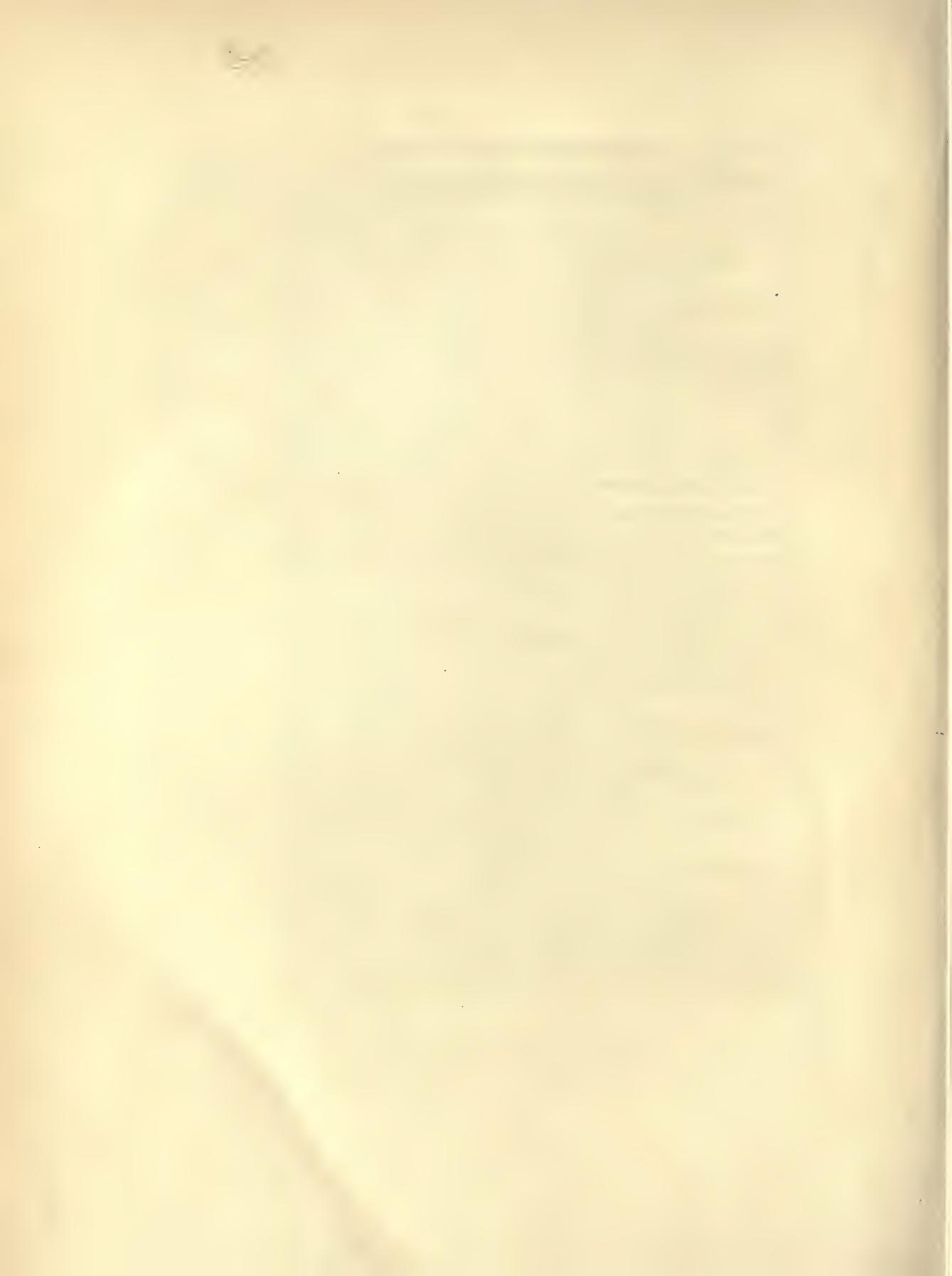
Faith.

The

Repentance.

The mercy of Christ thought it not sufficient,
 To forgoe his synnes, and devils to pourge,
 But geueth his grace to be penitent,
 That is, hit soule euer after this day to scourge.
 The vertue of Repentance I do reprent,
 Which is a true turnyng of the whole lyfe and state,
 Unto the will of the lord God omnipotent,
 Sozowing for the sinnes past with displeasure & hate,
 That is to say, all the inward thoughts of the hart
 And all the imaginations of the mynde,
 Which were occupied euill by Sathanes arte,
 Must hence forth be turned after an other kynd.
 David my father on his synnes did alway thynke,
 Howe horriblie they were in God almightyis sight,
 Teares were his subbenance, yea both meat & drinke,
 His hole meditation was in heauen both day & night
 So that Repentance is described in Scripture,
 To be a returnyng from syn with all the soule & hart,
 And all the life tyme in repentyng to endure,
 Declaring the same with the senes in every part.
 As thus, like as the eyes haue ben baynly spent
 Upon worldly and carnall delectacions,
 So henceforth to wepyng and teares must be bent,
 And wholly giuen to godly contemplacions.
 Likewise as the eares haue ben open alway
 To here the blasphemynge of Gods holy name,
 And fylthy talkyng evermore night and day,
 Howe they must be turned away from the same.
 And glad to heare the Gospell of salvation,
 Howe God hath mercy on them that doe call,
 And howe he is full of pitie and miseration:
 Raisyng vp suche agayne as by synne dyd fall.

The



or sparc spagoalene.

The song which blasphemie hath spoken,
yea and filthily, to the hurt of soule and body :
Wherby the precepts of God haue ben broken,
Must hence forth praise God for his mercy daily.
Thus like as all the members in tymes past,
Haue ben seruantes of vnrigheteousnesse and synne,
Now Repentance doth that seruice away cast,
And to mortifie all his lustes doth begynne.

True repentance never turneth backe agayn :
for he þ laieth his hād on the plough, & loketh away,
Is not apt in the kingdom of heauen to raigne,
Nor to be saued with my saintes at the last day.

O Lorde without thy grace I do here confessle, Mary.
That I am able to do no thyng at all,
Wher e it pleaseth thee my miserie to redresse,
Strength me now that hence forth I do not fall,
Graunt me Lorde suche a perfect repentance,
And that I looke no more back, but go forward still,
Put my miserie euermore into my remembraunce,
That I may forthinke my life that hath ben so yll.

The holy vertue of Faith I do represent, Fayth.
Joyned continually with repentance :
for where as the person for synne is penitent,
There I ascertayne him of helth and deliuerance.
Wherfore I am a certaine and sure confidence,
That God is mercifull for Christ Iesus sake :
And where as is a turnyng of penitence,
To mercy he will the penitent take :
Faith therfore is the gyft of God most excellent,
for it is a sure knowledge and cognition
Of the good will of God omnipotent,
Grounded in the word of Christes erudition,

G.i. This

On Enterlode of the Repentance

This faith is founded on Gods promission,
And most clerely to the mynde of man reuealed,
So that of Gods will he hath an intuition,
Which by the holy ghost to his heart is sealed.

Repentance.

This faith with the word hath such propinquicie,
That proprely the one is not without the other,
Faith must be tried with the word of veritie,
As the chyld is by the fater and mother.

Jesus Christ.

Yea truly, if this faith do from Gods word decline,
It is no faith, but a certayn incredulicie,
Which causeth the mynd to wader in strange doctrine
And so to fall at length into impietie.

Faith.

The word to a glasse compare we may,
For as it were therin, faith God doth behold,
Whom as in a clonde we loke vpon alway,
As hereafter moze plainly it shal be told.

Paty.

My heart doth beleue, and my mouth doth publish,
That my lord Jesus is the sonne of God eternall,
I beleue that my soule shall never perlysh,
But raigne with him in his kyngdom supernall.

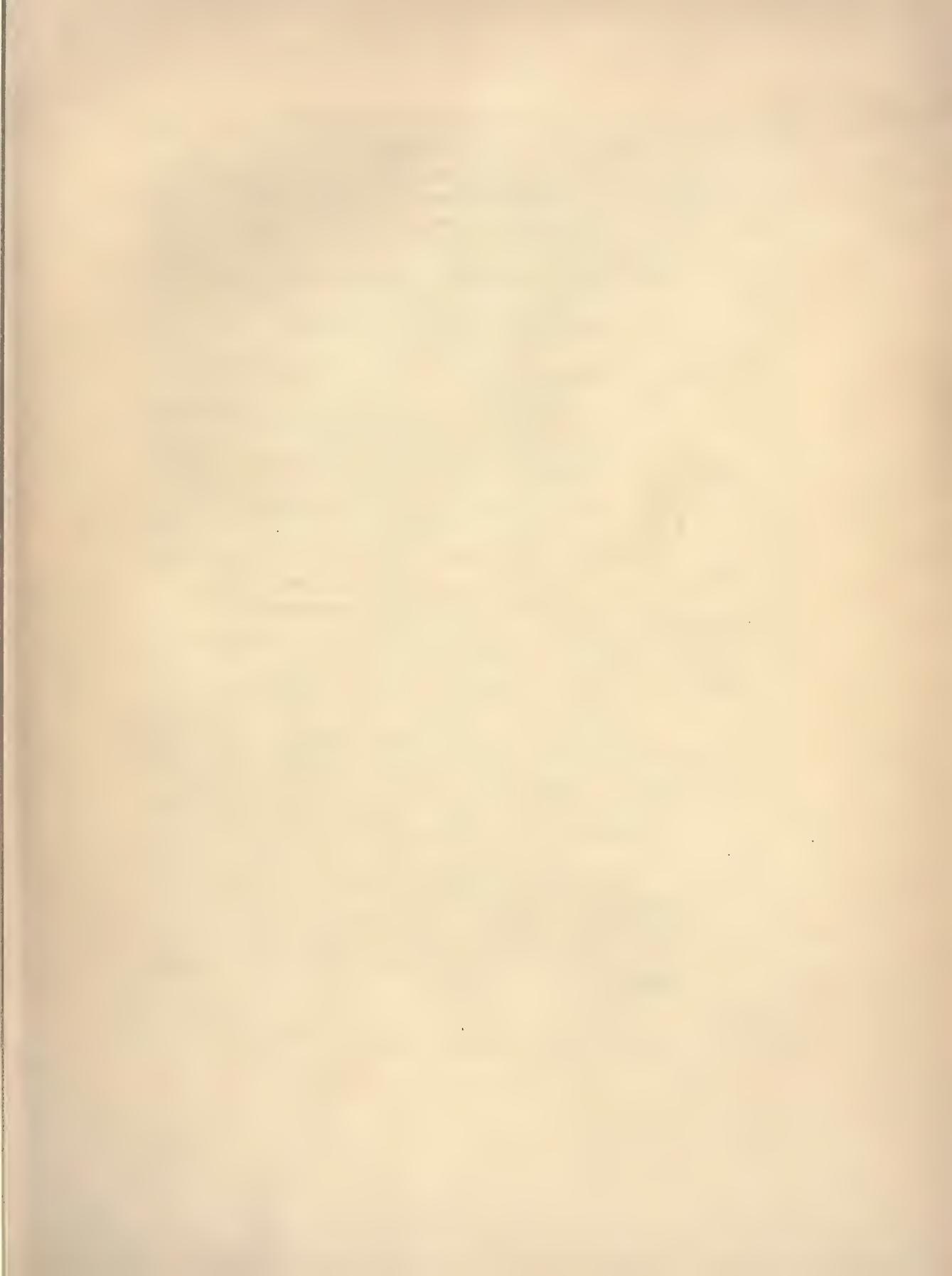
Repentance.

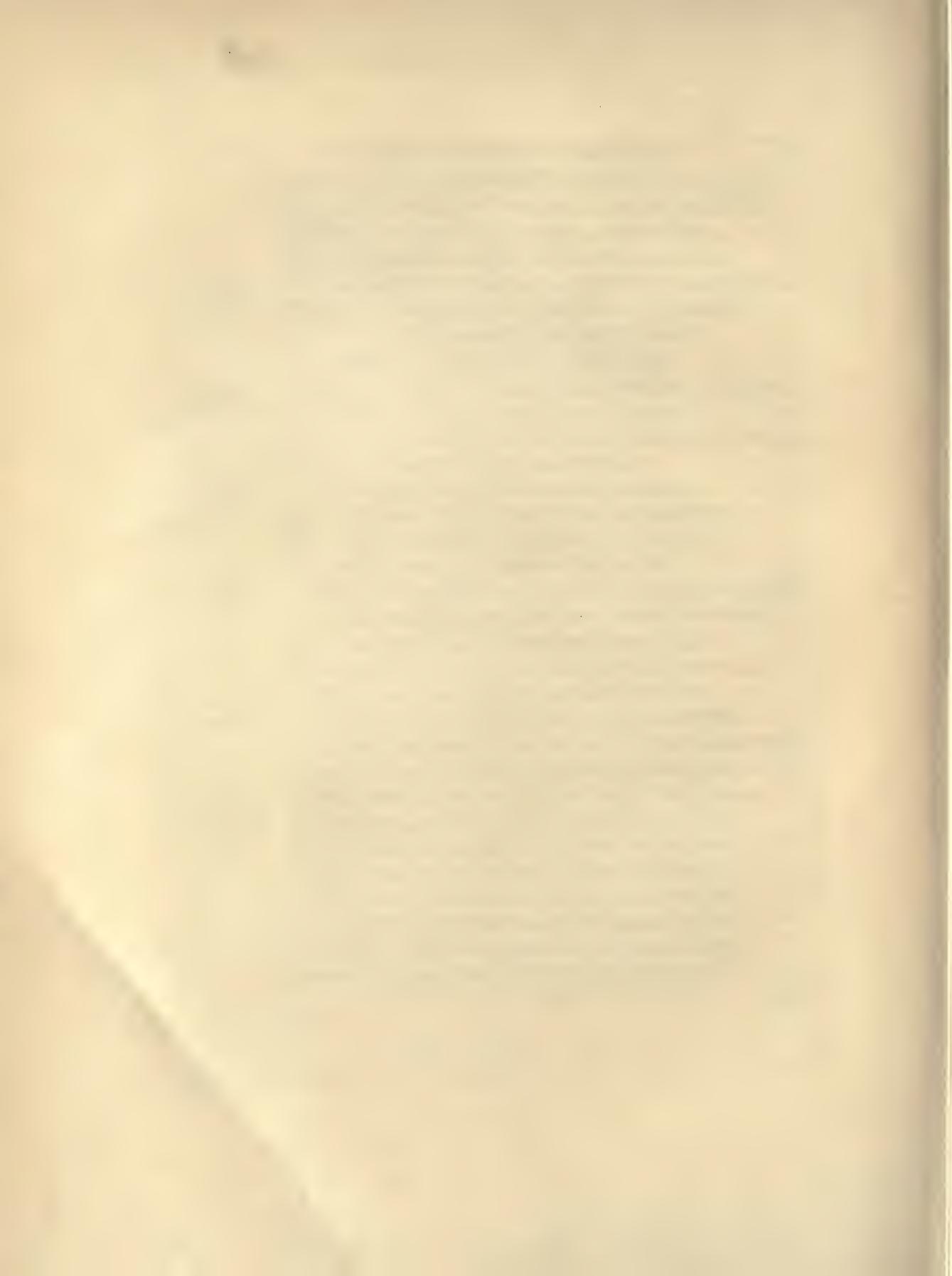
The operation of faith is not to enquire
What God is as touchyng his propre nature,
But how good he is to vs to know faith doth desyre,
Which thing appereith in his holy Scripture.

Faith.

It is not inough to beleue that God is true only,
Which can never lie, nor deceaue, nor do yli:
But true faith is persuaded firmly and truely,
That in his word he hath declared his will,
And also what soever in that word is spoken,
Faith beleueth it as the most certaine veritie,
Which by his spirit he doth vouchsafe to open
To all such as seke hym with all humilitie.

Christ





of Mary Magdalene.

Christ the sonne of God here hath promised,
Forgiuenesse of synnes to you syster Mary,
Of his owne mercie this to do he hath deuised,
And not of your merites, thus you see plainly.
If in this promise you be certain and without doubt.
Beleuving that the word of his mouth spoken
He is able, and also will do and bryng about,
Then that you haue faith it is a token.

Repentance.

O Jesu, grant me this true faith and beleue,
Lord I see in my self as yet imperfection:
Woulchsafe to me thy heauenly grace to geue,
That it may be my gouernance and direction.

Mary.

Mary my grace shall be for thee sufficient,
Goe thy way forth with faith and repenteance,
To heare the Gospell of healt be thou diligent,
And the wordes therof beare in thy remembrance.

Christ.

Though in person we shall no more appeare,
Yet inuisibly in your heart we will remayne.

Faith.

The grace of God shal be with you both far & nere, Repen-
tance.
Wherby from all wickednesse I shall you detaine.

Honor, praise, and glory to the father eternall,
Thankes to the sonne, very god and very man,
Blessed be the holy gost, with them both coequall,
One god, which hath saued me this day from Sathan. Exeunt.

Mary.

I thank thee O father, O lord of heuē, earth, & of al Christ
That thou hast hidden these things from the sapient,
And hast reuealed them to the litle ones and small,
Vea so it pleased thee O father omnipotent.
All things of my father are committed vnto me,
And who the sonne is, none but the father doth know
No man but the sonne knoweth who y father shold be,
And he to whom the sonne wil reueale and shewe.

G. ii, Come

An Enterlude of the Repentance

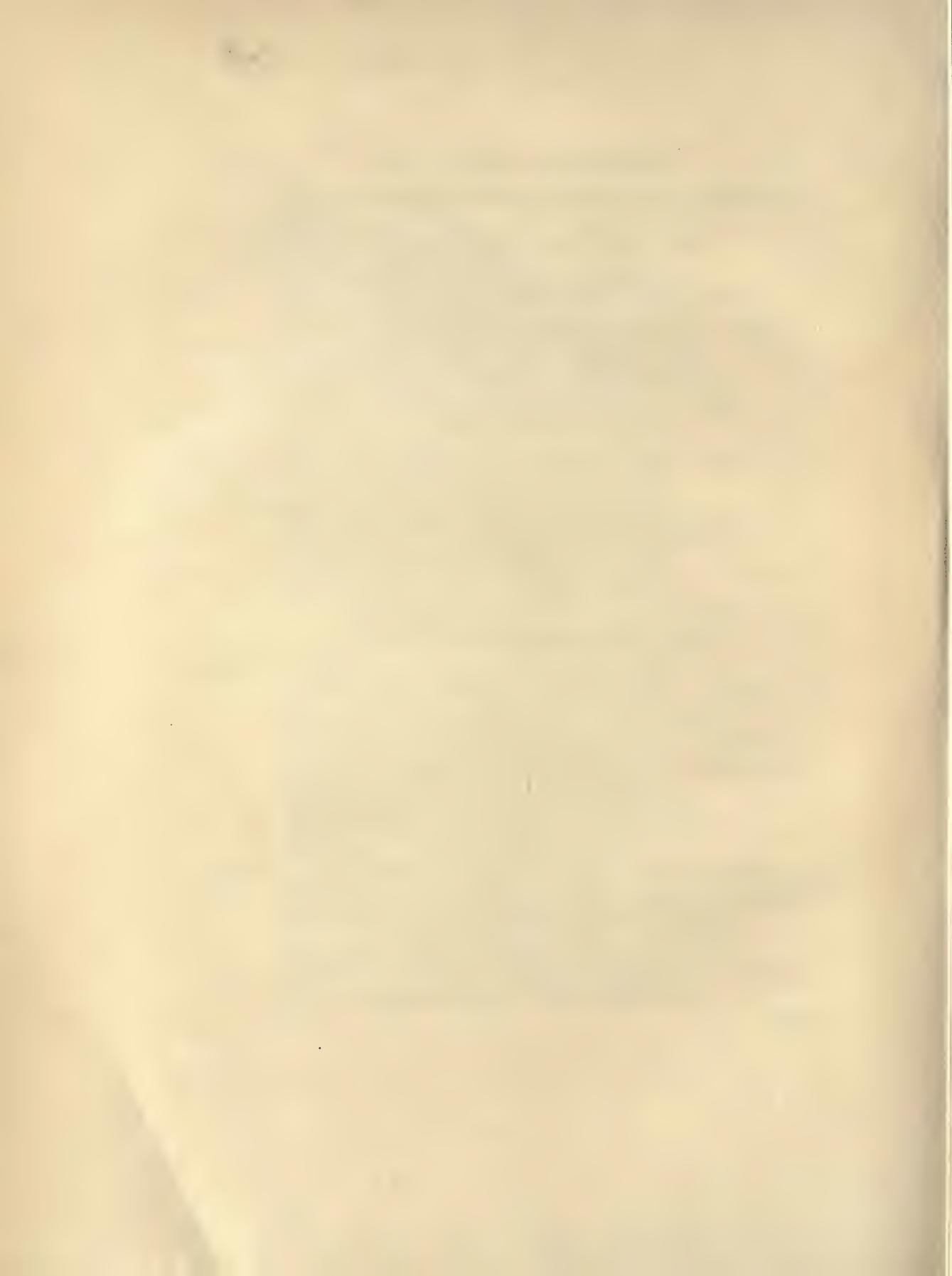
Come vnto me all you that with laboz are oppresed,
And are heauy laden, and I will you comfozt,
Dispaire not for that you haue transgressed,
But for mercy do you boldly to me resozt.
My yooke vpon your neckes do you gladly take,
And learn of me, for I am lowe and meke in hart,
And you shal fynd rest for your soules never to slake,
My yooke and burden is light in every part.
I came not into the wrold, the righteous to call,
But the synfull persons vnto repentance :
The whoale hane no nede of the phisition at all,
But the sicke hane nede of deliuernace.
Verily I say vnto you, that the angels,
Haue more ioy in one synner that doth repent,
Than in many righteous persons else,
Whiche are no sinners in their iudgement.

Here entreth Symon the pharisie, and malicious
Judgement, Symon biddeth Christ to dynner.

Symon. God spede you syz heartily, and well to fare,
I reioyce much that I chaunce you here to fynde,
In good sooth I was sorry, and toke muche care
That I had no tyme to declare to you my mynde.
We know that you do much good in the countrey here
Whersoe the liuyng God is glorified :
You heale the sicke persons both farre and nere,
Like as it hath ben credibly testifized.

Christ. My father euен vnto this tyme worketh truely,
And I work according to his commandement & wil,
The sonne can do no thyng of hym selfe duely,
But that he seeth the father doyng alway still.
Whatsoeuer the father doth, the sonne doth the same,
For the father doth the sonne entierly loue,

Ind



of Mary Magdalene.

And sheweth him al things to the praise of his name,
And shal shew him greater works than these as you shal
Lo sir, what nede you haue more testimonie (proue Malicio^u
You heare that he doth him selfe the sonne of God call, iudge.

Doth not the law condemne that blasphemie:

Commaunding such to be slaine great and small.

For a season it behoueth vs to haue pacience, Symon.

I shewed you the reason wherfore of late:

At this season I pray you do your diligence,

And semble rather to loue hym than to hate.

Shall it please you syz, this day to take payne

With me at my house to take some repast,

You shal be welcome doubilesse I tell you playne,

No great puruiance for you I intend to make.

My meate is to doe his will that hath me sent.

Christ.

But syz I thanke you of your great curtesy,

To come to you I shall be very well content,

So that you will appoyn特 the houre stedily.

All things be in maner ready I thinke verily, Symon.

In the meane season in my gardein we will walke.

Take the paines to go with me, I pray you heartily,

Till dinner be ready, of matters we will talke.

With a good will I will waite vpon you,

Christ

Pleaseth it you to go before, you know the way.

Sirra, you see how that we are appointed now,

Make all thyngs ready without delay.

Sir I will go about as fast as I may,

Symon.

In good sayth I would that I might haue my will:

Malicio^u

I would prepare for hym a galowes this day,

Upon the whiche I desyre his bloud to spill.

A vengeance take hym these, is he gone?

Infide-

From Mary Magdalene he did me chace:

little,

From

An Enterlude of the Repentance

From Symon the Pharisie he will drine me anon,
So that no where I shal be able to shew my face.

Malicio^o judge. Nay, we are so surely fixed in the Pharisies mynde,
That his blasphemous wordes can not drine vs therc
Womens heartes turne oft as doth the wynde,
And agayne of the law they know not the sence,
In malice I haue made them all so blynde,
That they judge no thyng in Christ aryght:
To the letter of the law so fast I do them bynde,
That of the spirite they haue no maker of light.

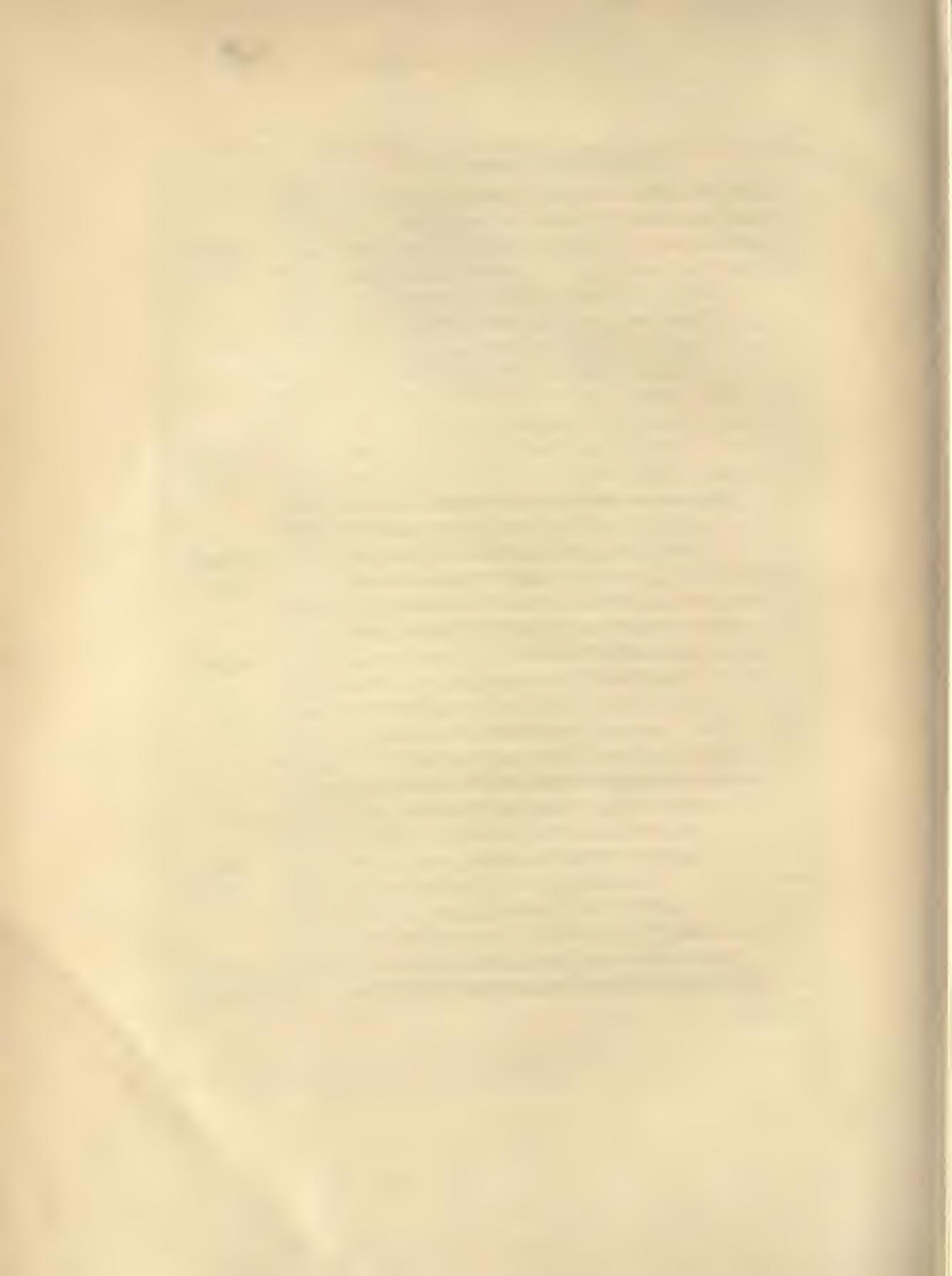
Insides.
little. I will tell thee Malicious Judgement,
His wordes be of such strength and great power,
That the diuell hym self and all his rablement,
He is able to expell, and biterly to deuoure.

Malicio^o judge. Tashe hyde thy self in a Pharisies gowne,
Suche a one as is bordered with the comauendemēts
And then thou maist dwel both in citie and in towne,
Beyng well accepted in all mens iudgements.

Insides.
little. As for a gowne, I haue one conuenient,
And so here is a cappe agreeing to the same.
Malicio^o judge. As thou saiest, that geare is very ancient,
I warant thee now to escape all blame,
Mary of one thyng thou must take good heede,
As nere as thou canst let him not behold thy face,
Doubt thou not, but he shall haue his mede,
If I remayne with the Jewes any space.

Insides.
little. And as for the reuerend byshop Capphas,
With all the Aldermen of Jerusalem,
Will helpe to bryng that matter to passe,
For I am like for euer to dwell with them.

Malicio^o judge. The same Christ dineth with Symon to day,
Who commanded to prepare the table in all hast,
Helpē



of Mary Magdalene.

Helpe to make all ready, and the cloth to lay,
For surely here he purposeth to take his repast.

Inside-
little.

By God he shall haue soure sause it may hap,
Do thy parte, and surely I purpose to watche,
It shal be hard, but we will take hym in a trap,
He shall fynde hym here that will hym matche.

Go and fetche trenchers, spoones, salt and bread,
See whether the cookes be ready also I pray thee.
They will come to dynner I dare lay my head,
Before that all things prepared well shall be.

Malicio-
udge.

A straw, all this geare wyll quickly be doone,
The cookes be ready also I am sure.

Inside-
little.

Let me see, byz lady it is almost noone,
I maruell that they can so long fastyng endure.

Malicio-
udge.

Ponder they come, turne thy face out of sight,
Thou must make curtesy downe to the ground.

Inside-
little.

I wold he were hanged by God and by this light,
For never before this day was I thus bound.

Sit now are you welcome, I pray you come nere, Symon.
Fetch in meate syrs, I pray you quickly.

Malicio-
udge.

I promise you I byd you for no good chere,
But such as it is, you ar welcome hartily.

Inside-
little.

Pleaseth it you to washe syz, here is water,
Let not yonder beggerly felow wash with you.

Malicio-
udge.

Can you not a while dissemble the matter?
It is no tyme to talke of such geare now.

Malicio-
udge.

Will you sit sir, byzng hither a cushion and a stoole.

Set it down I say there, there at the tables ende.

Inside-
little.

Here is a businelle with a beggerly foole.

It greeueth me the tyme about him to spende.

So to, you are welcome hitherto my maister Simon.

Thinke your self at home in your owne place.

I thankē.

An Enterluge of the Repentance

Chist. I thanke you sir, I will syt downe euene anone,
But first we will prayse God, and say our grace.
Blessed art thou heauenly fader, which of thy mercy
Hast made man to thyne owne image and similitude
Which through Sathanas wicked malice and enuie
Was spoyle of thy grace and of ghostly fortiende,
But at this tyme of thy mercy appointed,
Thou hast looked on man, of thy compassion,
And sent thyne owne sonne with thy spirit anoynted,
Which for his synne shall make satisfaction,
Let all creatures praise thee for their creation,
Glory to thy name for their preseruation,
Laude and honour to thee for their restauration,
All thankes to thee for eternall saluation,

Simon. I pray you sitte downe, I pray you heartily,
You are welcom, I pray you eate such as is here,
Go to, I wold not haue you to make any curtesy,
I am sorry that for you I haue no better chere.

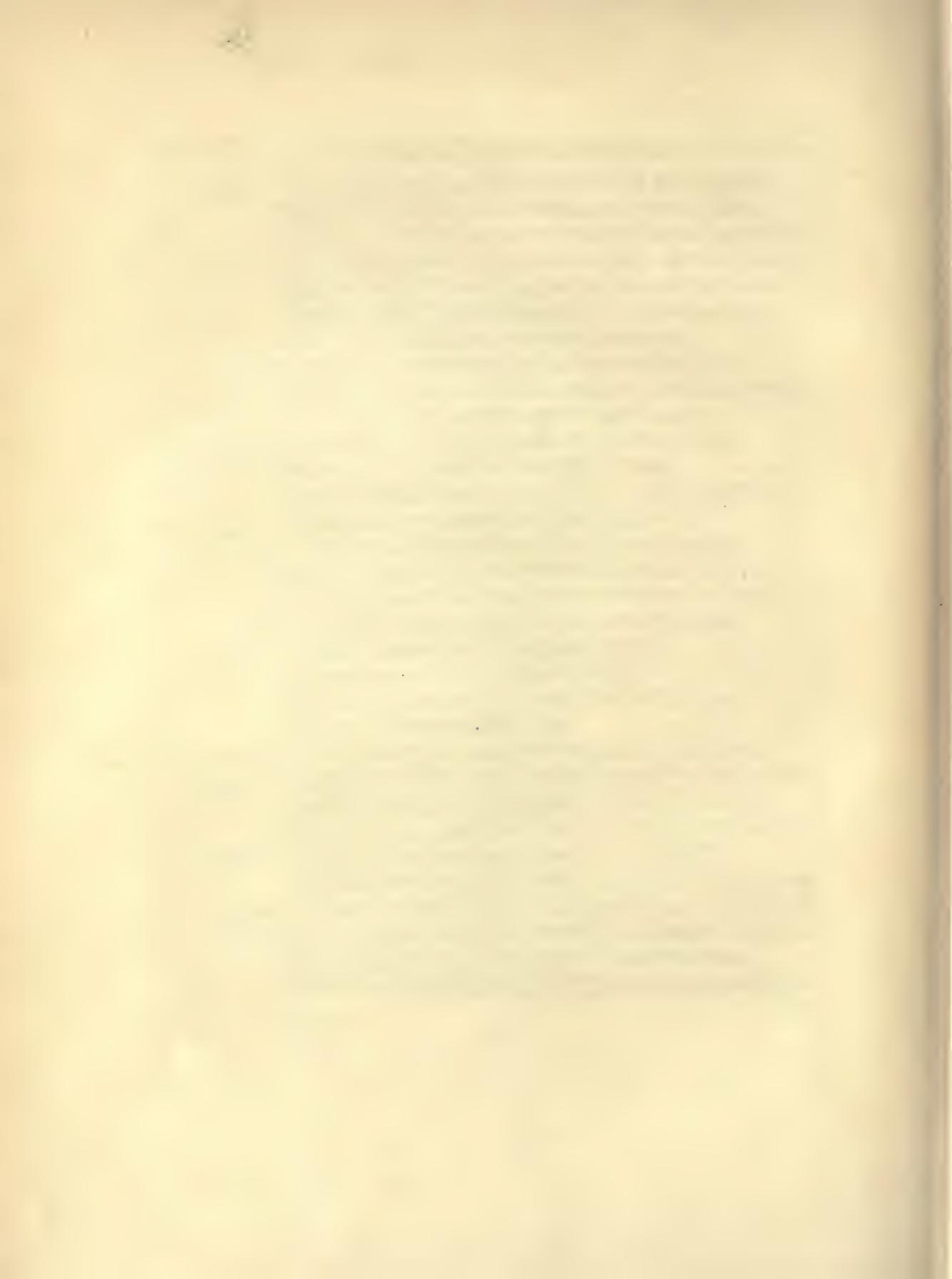
Inside. It is simple chere as you say in dede,
It is to good for him by the Massle,
Haire is good enough for hym theron to feede,
Or for any such foolishhe asse.

Malicio^r Marke you not what in his grace he dyd say?
Iudge. Thou hast set thy sonne anointed with the holy ghost
By these words euidently understand we may,
That to be the son of God of him selfe he doth boast.

Simon. Wherof doe you it talk what is the matter,
Is there any thing that doth grutch your conscience

Malicio^r This is the truth of our talke yea I wil not flatter,
Iugement Your gest said a woorde wherof I wold haue stelligence
He thanked God at this tyme nowe appointed,
That on mens synnes he had pitie and compassion,

And



of Mary Magdalene.

And hath sent his sonne with his spirite anointed,
Which for his sinne shoulde make satisfaction.

Hath God into this world sent his owne sonne ?
Or who is the sonne of God I wold be glad to know
Like as now he speaketh, so oft tymes he hath done,
The tyme and place I am able to shewe.

I pray you my guest his mynde do you satisfie, Symon.
It is said, that the sonne of God you do your selfe call.

I am come into this world the truth to testifie, Christ.
Wherof the scripture and the Prophets do witnes all
If I of my selfe shoulde beare testimonie,

My witnesse of you shoulde not be taken as true,
But there is an other that witnesseth of me verily.

And I know that his testimonie is true,
Of man truely no testimonie do I take :

But I speake these wordes that sauad you myght be.
The sonne of God is sent hither for your sake,
Whom in the glorie of his maestrie you shall se.

The warkes which to me the father doth geue,
That I may doe them, those warkes to you I say,

Beare witnesse, if you haue the grace to beleue,
That the father hath sent me into the world this day.

Besides these warkes, the father that hath me sent,
Hath by many scriptures of me testifid :

By the whiche the matter is evident,
That my wordes spoken before are verified.

But the father you haue never heard speaking,
And what he is by faith you haue never sene :

His word you haue not in you remayning.
Therefore to him whom he hath set faithful you haue
Surch y scriptures, for you thik in your mind (not be
That in them you shall obtaine life eternall,

H. i.

Them

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Them to beare witnesse of me you shall fynde,
How I am the sounē of the liuyng God immortall.

Symon. Wel sir, you ar welcom, I wold not haue you to thik
That I did byd you hither to tempt or to proue,
But that I wold haue you both to eate and drinke,
Euen as my entier friend, and for very loue.
Wherfore any thing that is here done or sayd,
Shalbe layd vnder foote, and go no further,
For surely if your wordes shold be betrayd,
As a blasphemē the people wold you murder,

Christ. You know that there is. xi. houres in the day
And night commeth not till the. xii. houres be expired
It is not in mans power my life to take away,
Till the houre commeth of my father required.

Indre. Under the foote quod he, if I kepe counsell,
Anne. I wold I were hanged vp by the very necke.
Fye on hym hoxeson traitour and very rebell,
Dear you not how god him self he beginneth to chekē

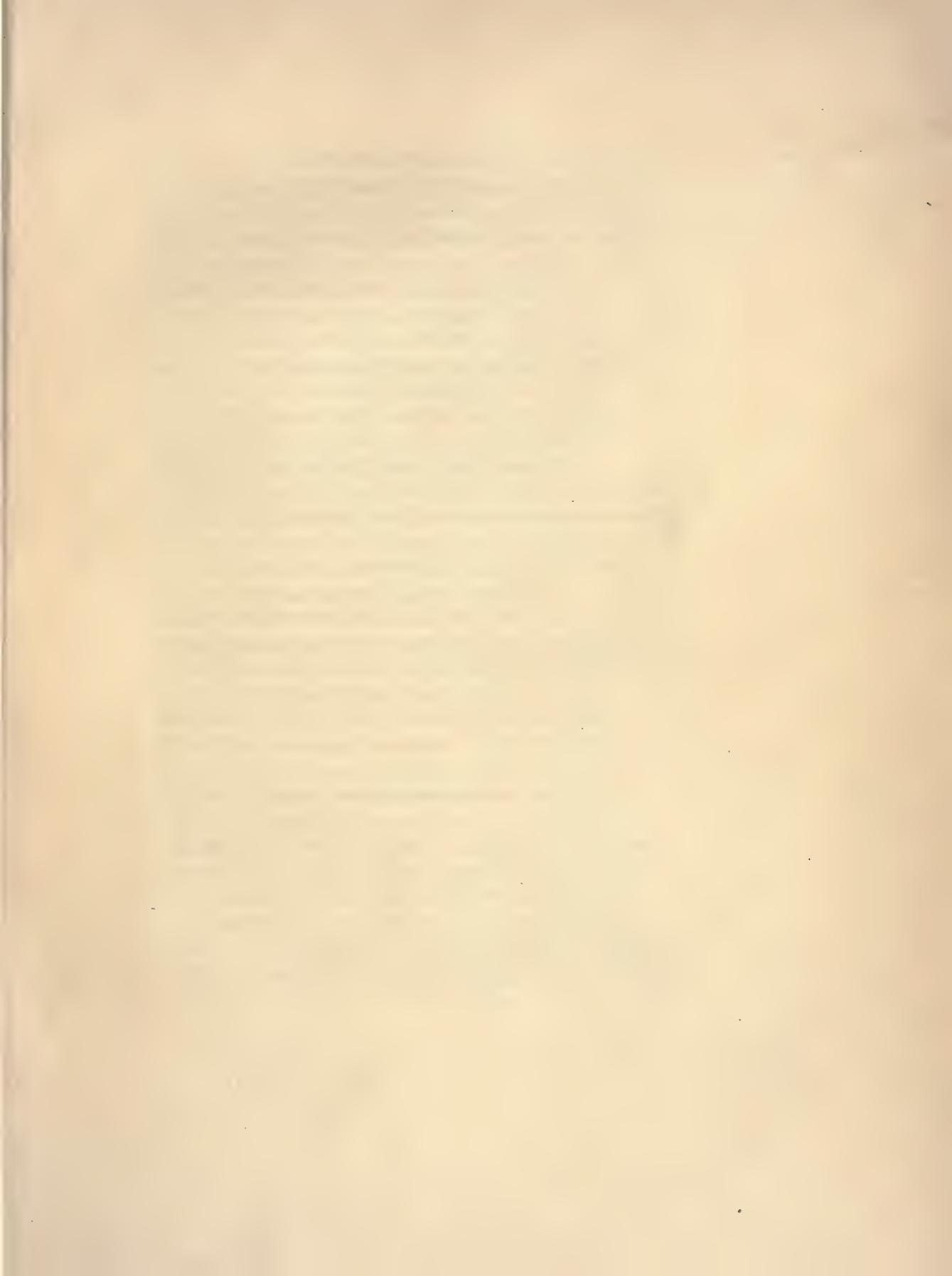
Malicio^{us} judge. Though maister Symon doth but few wordes say,
Yet I warrant you he beareth this geare in mynde,
Doubt thou not but he will fynde suche way,
That he shal be ryd and as many as be of his kynde.

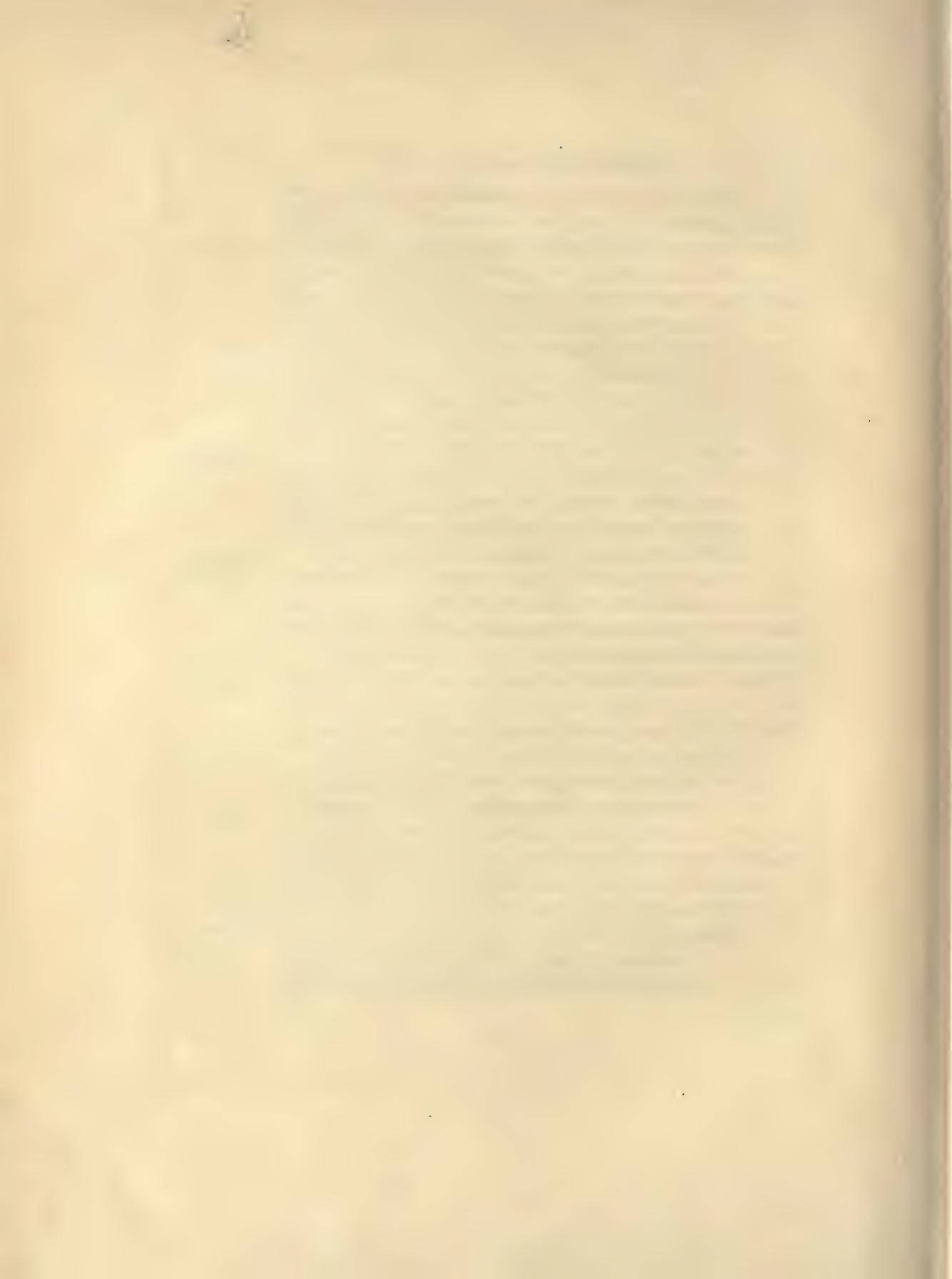
Simon. So to I pray you, alacke you eate no meate:
You see that at this tyme we haue but plaine fare.

Christ. When we haue sufficient before vs to eate,
Let vs thanke God, and put away all care.

Mary Magdalene sadly apparelled. The more that I accusom my self with repenstance,
The more I see myne owne synne and iniquitie,
The more knowledge therof, the more greuance,
To a soule that is conuerted from hir impietie,
To all the worlde an example I may be,
In whom the mercy of Christ is declared,

O Lord





11. of Mary Magdalene.

O Lord, what goodnesse dydst thou in me see
That thus mercifullly thou hast me spared.
What goodnesse: nay rather what a rable of euils,
Full of wickednesse, like one past all grace,
Replenished with a multitude of denis,
Which as in hell in my soule had their place;
These were the merites and dedes that I had,
Onely thy unspeakable mercy did me preuent:
And though that my life hath bene so bad,
Yet thou wilst no more but that I should repente,
O who shall gene me a fountayne of teares,
That I may shed abundantly for my synne;
This voice of the Lord alwaies soundeth in myn eares:
Repent, repent; and thou shalt be sure heauen to wynne.
He saith also, do the fruictes of Repentance.
O Lord, who is able those worthy fruictes to do?
I am not able to doe sufficient penance,
Except thy grace good Lord, do helpe me thereto.
But like as the parts of my body in tymes past,
I haue made seruants to all kynd of iniquitie,
The same iniquitie away for euer I do cast,
And will make my body seruant to the verite,
This haire of my head which I haue abused,
I repute vile and unworthie to wipe my lordes fete,
No obsequie therwith of me shalbe refused,
To do my Lord Iesu service, as it is most mete.
These fleshly eies which with their wanton lookes,
Many persons to synne and vice haue procured.
They haue ben the diuels volumes and bookees,
Which from the seruice of God haue other allurede.
Nowe you syfull eyes shed out teares and water,
Wash the Lordes fete with the whō you haue offended.

H. 11.

C.

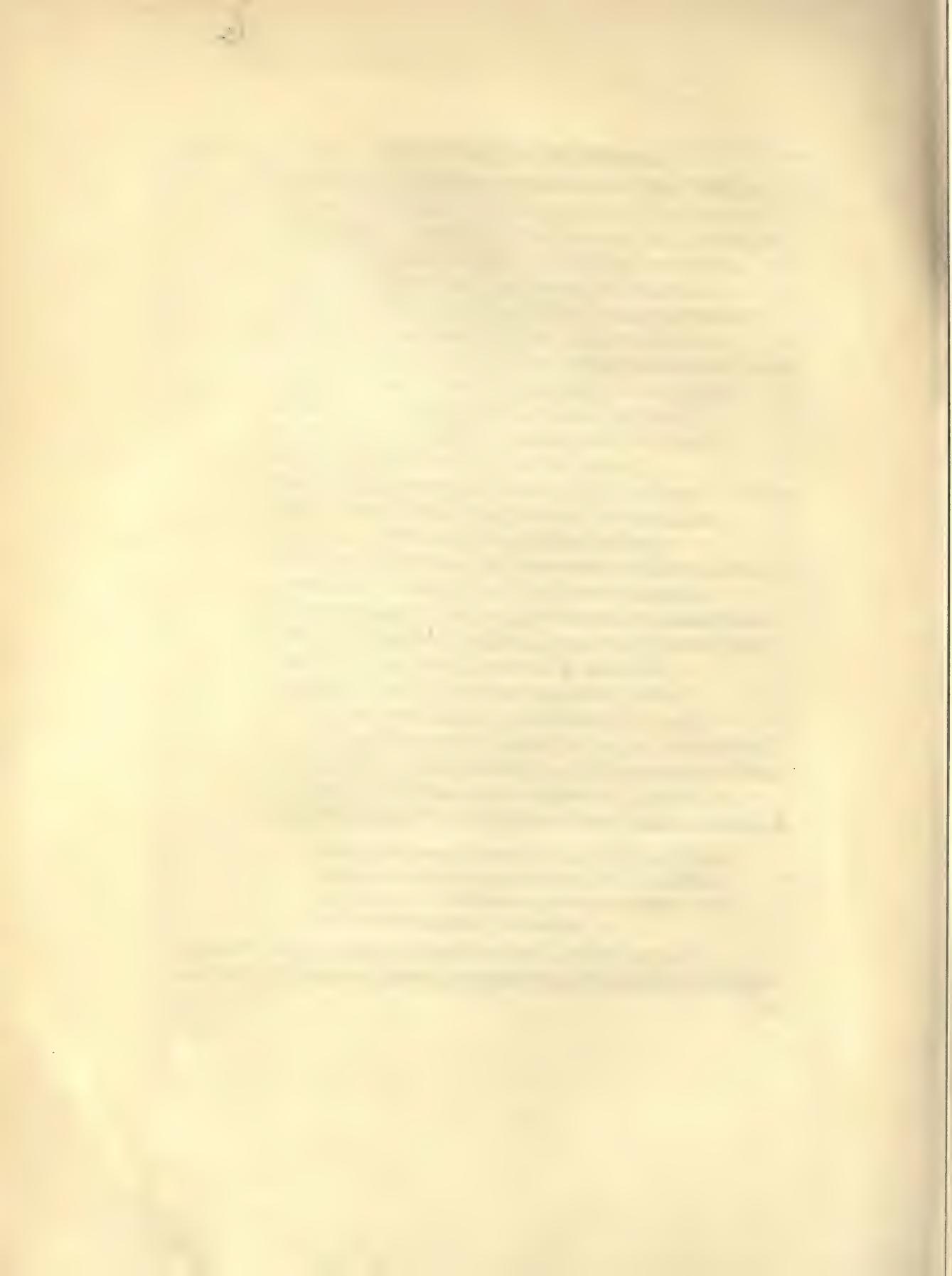
An Enterlude of the Repentance

To shew such obsequie to hym it is a small matter,
Which by his grace hath my synfull life amended.
O wretched eies can you wepe for a thing temporall,
As for the losse of worldy goodes and parents,
And can you not wepe for the lord celestiall
Which losse incomparably passeth all detrimentes.
With this oyntment most pure and precious,
I was wont to make this carkas pleasant and sweete
Wherby it was made more wicked and vicious,
And to all bathzynesse very apt and mete.
Now would I gladly this oyntment bestowe,
About the innocent feete of my saviour,
That by these penitent fruites my lord may know
That I am right sorry for my sinfull behauour.
All my worldy substance abused before,
And through vnbelyef of synne made instruments,
Now will I bestow them onely to his hono^r,
In helpyng hym, and for his sake other innocents.
I shall not ceasse to seeke till my lord I have found,
He is in the house of Symon I heard say,
The house standeth on yonder same ground:
It was told me that he dyneth there to day.
I was not ashamed to synne before the Lordes sight
And shal I be ashamed before maⁿ the same to confess
To my Lord Jesus, now forth will I go right,
Acknowledgyng to him my penitent heart doubtlesse

Let Marie creape under the table, abydyng therre a
certayne space behynd, and doe as it is specified in
the Gospell. Then Malicious Judgement spea-
keth these wordes to Insidellie.

Malicio^s Lo syz, what a felow this is, it doth appere,
ingemēt If he were suche a prophet, as of him self he doth say,

He



of Spary Magdalene.

He would know what maner of woman this same is.
A sinner she is, he can not say nay.

Chere.

A sinner quod he: yea she is a wicked sinner in dede
This is she, from whom he did me expell,
Behold, how boldly after hym she doth procede,
A harlot she is truly I may tell you in counsell.

Yea and yet to touche hym he doth her permit,
Which is agaynst the law for persons defiled,
Ought not among the iust to intromit,
But from their company should be exiled.

I pray you see, how busyn about hym she is,
She walsheth his feet with teares of hir eyes,
Heigh, mary yonder is like to be nothyng amisse.
Behold, she anoynteth him to drie away fles.
Crow you þ maister Symon thinketh not somwhatre
Yes I hold you a groate, though he say nothing.

He is not content I warant you that,
Which thyng you may see by his lookyng.

Syrs, take away here, we will no more now,
This syrst: Are you in such things to be tought:
What meane you, wherabout do you looke,
I maruell wherabout you do occupy your thought.

Simon, the truth is so, I haue a thing in my mynd *Jesus*
Which unto you I must nedes expresse and say.

Christ.

Maister, say what you will, wordes are but wynde, Simon.
I will heare you truely, as paciently as I may.

There were two debtors, whom I dyd well know, Christ
Whiche were in debt to a lender that was christie:
The one fine hundred pence truely did owe,
And the other ought not aboue fiftie:
Neither of these debtors had wherwith to pay,
Wherfore the lender forgaue both, as it dyd behoue.

H. iii.

Rowe

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Nowe according to yore judgement I pray you say,
Which of these detters ought the lender most lone :

Symon Christ. Mary, he to whom most was forgiuen I suppose,
In few wordes truly you haue heard my sentence.

You haue rightly indged, and to the purpose.
Absoluyng my question like a man of science,
See you this woman : I knowe that in your hertes
You condemne her as a synner very vnmete
To enter among you, and to touche any partes,

Of my body, yea either head or feete :
Saying among your selues, if this were a Prophet,
He would know what maner a woman this is.
Which thus commeth in while we be at meate,
A sinner she is, and hath done greatly amisse.
I say unto you, that into this world I am come
To call such great detters unto repentance,
The rist, which in their coceipts owe but a small summe
Haue no nede of their creditours deliuerance.

Infide. What a thief is this he iudgeth our masters thought,
If we destroy hym not, he will surely marre all.

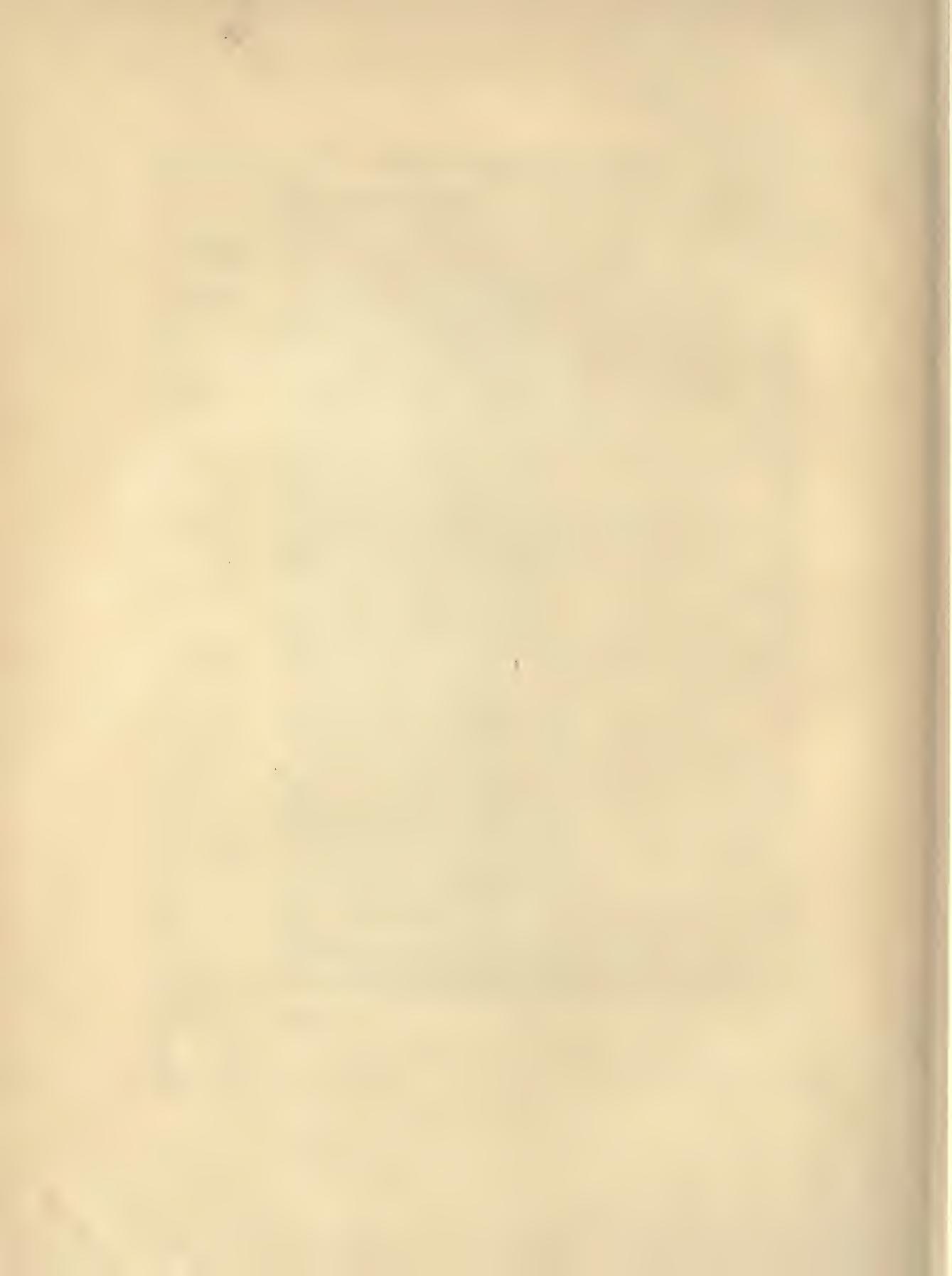
Malicio. I euer layd that he was worse than nought,
But among vs purvey for him we shall.

Symon. Sir, you take vpon you very presumptuously,
I haue bydden you unto my house here of good will,
And you reason of matters here contemptuously :
But take your pleasure, it shall not greatly chyll.

Christ. I say unto you, that for this cause was I borne,
To beare witness unto the veritie,
I see who be hypocrites full of dissembling scorne,
And who be persons of faith and simplicitie.
Where as you thinkes you haue done me pleasure,
In bidding me to eate and drinke with you here,

your





of Mary Magdalene.

Your intent was to shew your richesse and treasure,
And that your holynesse might to me appeare.
But this woman hath shewed to me a little obsequie:
For these gestures whiche she sheweth to me,
Procede from a true meanyng heart verily,
As by her humilitie plainly you may see.
When I came into your house the truth to say,
You gaue me no water to washe my feete withall,
This woman hath washed them here this day,
With the teares of her eies which on them did fall,
With the haire of hir head she hath wiped the same,
Thinking all other clothes thereto ouer vile,
Horrible in hir sight is hir synne and blame,
Thinkeyng hir self worthy of eternall exile.
You gaue me no kisse as the maner of the countrey is
But this woman since the tyme that I came in,
Would not presume my head or mouth to kisse,
But my feete, lamenting in hir heart for hir syn.
My head you did not annoynt with oyle so swete,
As men of this countrey do their guesse vse,
But with most precious balme she anointed my feete,
No cost about that oyntment she doth refuse.
Blessed are they, as the Prophete doth say,
Whose sinnes are forgiuen & couered by Gods mercy,
Not by the dedes of the lawe as you thinke this day,
But of Gods good will, fauour and grace frely.
At this womans synne you do greatly grutche,
As though your selues were iust, holy, and pure,
But many sinnes are forgiuen hir, because she loned
And of the mercy of God she is sure. (much)
He to whom but a little is remitted in dede,
Loueth but a little, we se by experiance;

An Enterlade of the Repentance

All haue sinned, and of Gods glory haue nede,
Therefore humble your selv, & with penitence.
I say to thee woman, thy synnes are forgiuen all,
God for my sake will not them to thee impute:
For strenght to continue, to hym do thou call,
And see that thankes thou do to hym attribute.

Mary.

The mercy of God is aboue all his workes truely,
What is it that God is not able to bryng to passe?
I thanke thee Lord Jesu for thy great mercy,
Thou art the sonne of the liuyng God, our Messias.

Malicio²
judge.

How say you by this, here is a greater matter yet,
He forgiueth synnes, as one with God equall.

Insde-
litie.

And he may perceiue truely, that hath any wit,
That he is but a man wretched and mortall.

Ch:ist.

Woman I say, thy faith hath saued thee go in peace:
Now art thou pacified in thy conscience,
Through thy faithe, I doe all thy sinnes releace,
Alluryng thee to haue mercy for thy negligence.

Mary.

O ioyfull tydylnges, O message most comfortable,
Let no sinner be he never in so great dispaire,
Though he were synfull and abominable,
Let him come, and he will make hym faire.
Blessed be the Lord of such compassion and pitie,
Praise we his name with glorie and hono^r,
I shall declare his mercy in tocone and citie.
Thankes be to thee my Lord now and euermore.

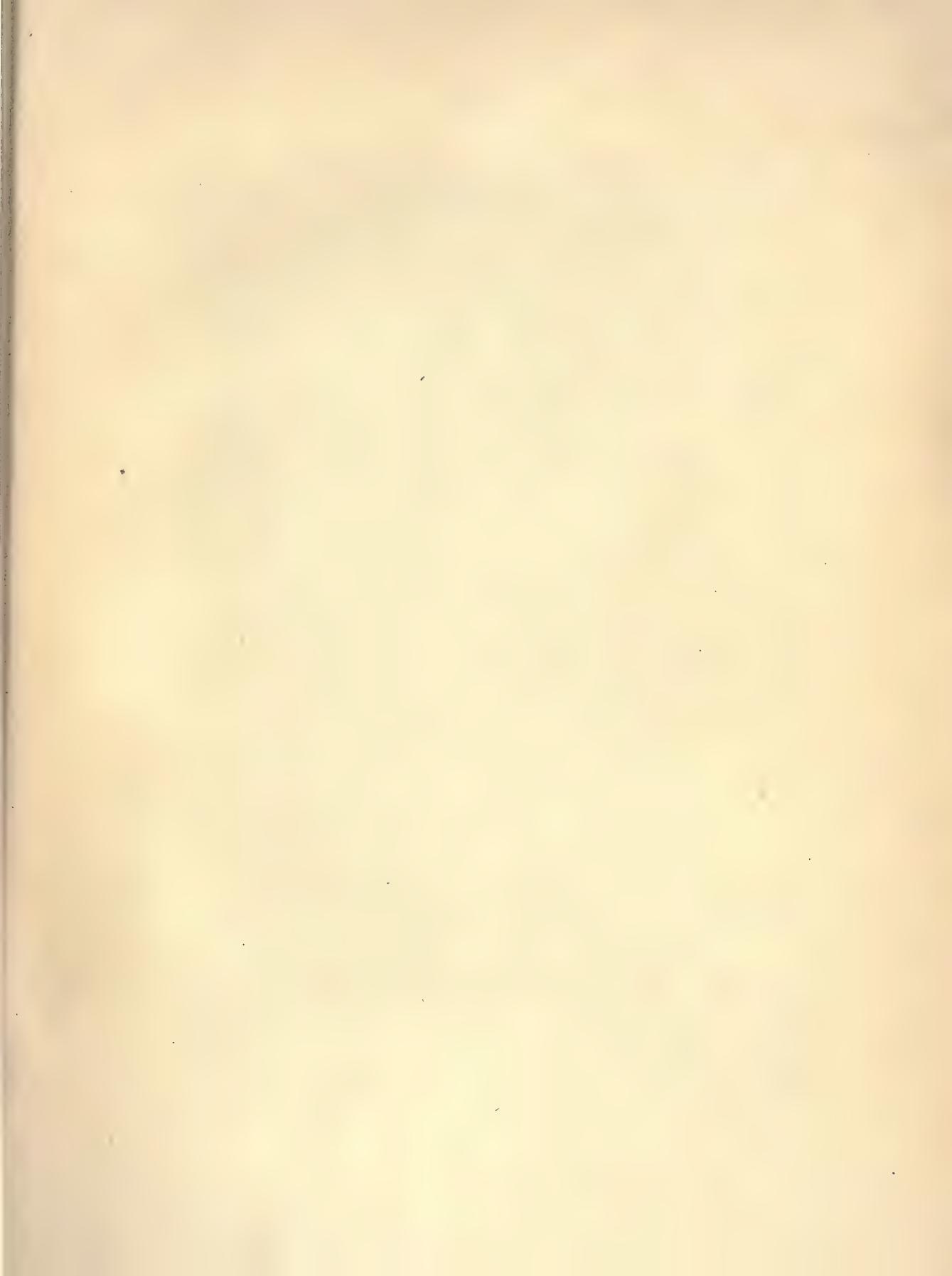
Syman.

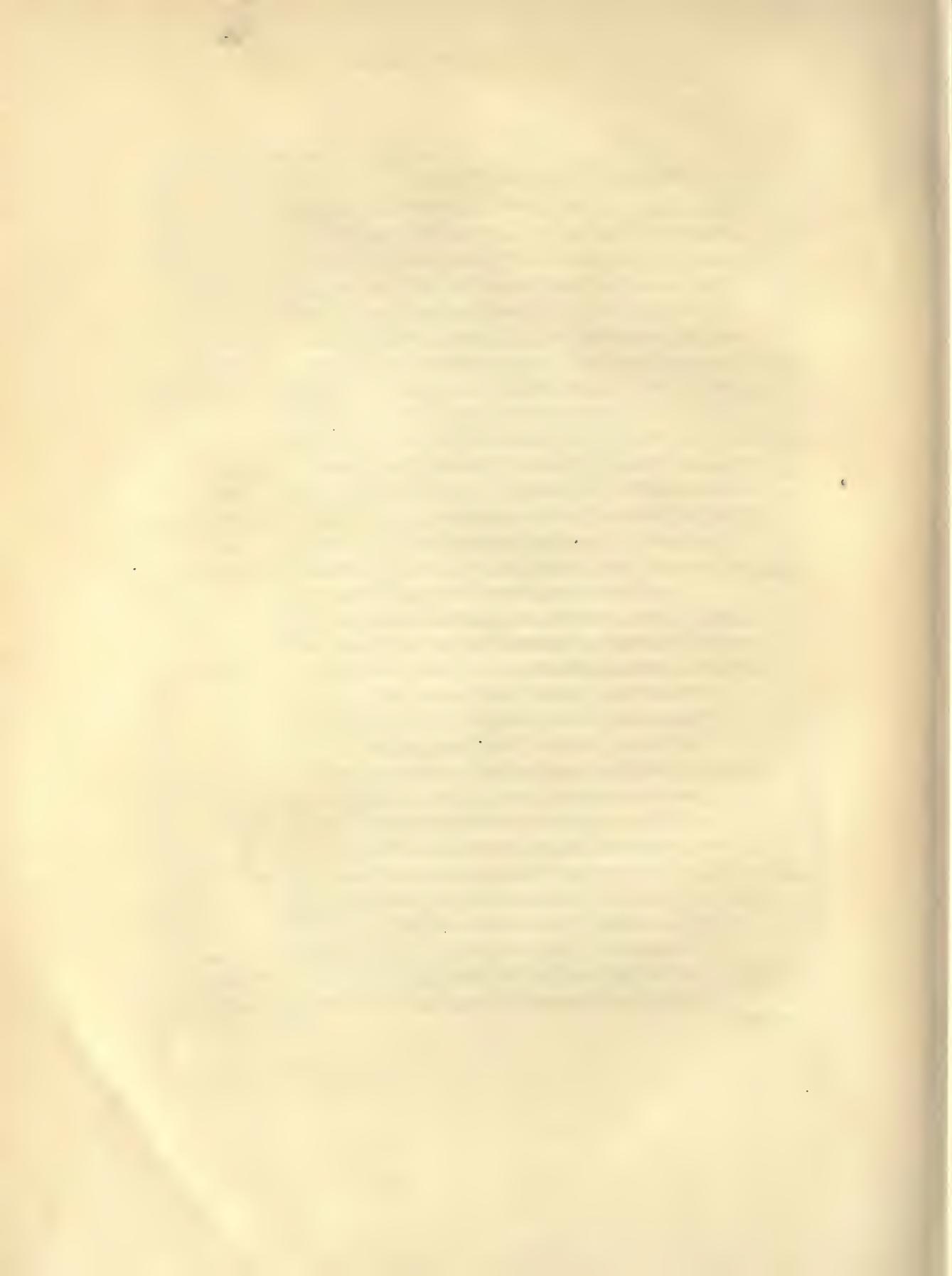
I see the wordes whiche I haue heard, proued true,
Men say that you are new fangled, and friuolous,
Goyng about the law and our rulers to subdue,
Introducing sectes perillous and sedicious.

Malicio²
judge.

I can no longer containe, but must say my mynde,
In dede it is so, for by his diuelishe erudition,

Whiche





of Mary Magdalene.

Which he soweth among the people of our kynde,
At length they will make a tumult and sedition.
Such blasphemy since the beginning was not heard,
That a man shal call him self Gods naturall sonne,
To condemne the law of God he is not afeard,
Despisyng all things that our fathers haue done.

Pleaseth it you reverend father, to geue me licence Inside
little.
To say my mynde to this blasphemer and thiefe,
In fewe wordes you shall haue my sentence:
Of all heretikes I judge hym to be the chiefe,
Perceiue you not how he doth begyn?
He commeth to none of the princes and gouerners,
But a sort of synners he goeth about to wyn:
As publicans, whores, harlots, and vnjust occupiers.
Them he preferreth before such men as you be,
Saying, that they before you shall be saued.
An honest man in his company you shall not see,
But euen them, which haue them selues yll behaued.
Much good doe it you, here is cause for your meate.
Maister Symon, looke vpon this felow in season,
For in continuance he will worke such a feate,
That you shall not release with all your reason.

O Symon, put away that Malicious iudgement, Ch. 2.
Which in your heart you do stubbornly contayne,
You shall not perceiue Gods commandement,
As long as he in your conscience doth remayne.

Lo syz now that God he hath blasphemed,
Now his law he doth contemne and despise,
The Justice therof of hym is nothyng esteemed,
To destroy the same utterly he doth devise.

Thinke you vs ignorant of gods law and will,
Which vpon our garments do them weare.

J. i. Who

An Enterlude of the Repentance

Who but we doe the law of God fulfill,
For his precepts with vs in all places we beare.

Christ.

To fulfill the law requireth Gods spirite,
For the law is holy, iust, and spirituall,
Of loue to be obserued it is requisite,
And not of these obseruances externall.
As long as you haue this malicious iudgement,
Accompanied with Infidelitie,
I say you can not kepe Gods commaundement,
Though you shew an outward sanctitie.

Inside.
line.

Lo syz here he calleth me Infidelitie,
And you know that I am called Legal Justification
You heare that it was spoken by Gods maiestie,
That a man shall liue by the lawes obseruation.
An honest guest, come out dogge, yea mary,
Good maners thus to taunt a man at his table:
But with fooles it is follie to vary,
His wordes be taken but as a tale or a fable.

Symon.

Away with this geare, how long shall we syt here?
At once: We haue somewhat els to do I thinke.

Christ.

Thankes be to thee O father, for this chere,
Thankes be to thee for our repast of meate & drinke.
Now sir, you shall licence me to depart,
And the heauenly father might illumine your mynd
Expellyng this infidelitie from your hart,

Symon.

Which with Malicious iudgement kepereth you blynd,
Fare ye well: for me you shall no countes render,
All shall be layd vnder the feete that is here spoken.

Inside.

Though you forget it, yet we purpose to remember
You know the way, go I pray you, the doore is open.

Exe.

Malicio^u For Gods sake syz you and such as you be,
judge. Looke vpon this felow by myne advise:

For





of Mary Magdalene.

For what he goth about all you may see,
Yea you haue had warnynge of hym twise.or thrise.
All the multitude beginneth after him to ronne,
You see hym and know his doctrine and opinion,
If you suffer hym till more people he hath wonne,
Strangers shall come and take our dominion,
Haue you not heard his open blasphemie?
The sonne of God he presumeth him self to name,
The Justice of the lawe he condemmeth utterly,
To suffer him to lyue will turne to your shame.

It shall behoue you to dog hym from place to place, hymon.
Note whether openly he teache such doctrine:
If he doe, accuse hym before his face,
For I will cause the byshops hym to examine.

And where as he willeth you vs to expell,
Callyng vs wicked nicknames at his pleasure,
He goeth about to make you to rebell
Against God & his lawes, as he doth without mesure.

For my part I wil watche hym so narowly,
That a word shall not scape me that doth sounde
Agaynst you the fathers, that live so holyly,
But to accuse hym for it a way shalbe found.

Well the tyme of our enenyng seruice is at hand,
We must depart, the sacrifice to prepare.

If you depart, we may not here ydle stande,
For to wayte vpon you at all tymes ready we are.

At my beyng here euene now of late,
It pleased my Lord Iesus of his great mercy
To speake sentences here in my presence,
Of the which I haue no perfect intelligence,
The fyrt is: Many sinnes are forgiuen hir sayd he,
Because she hath loued much, meanyng me,

Insidie
litle.

Insidie
litle.

Malicio
sugemet.

Hymon.

Insideli
Exeunt.

Mary:
entreteth
with Ju
nificatio

3.ii.

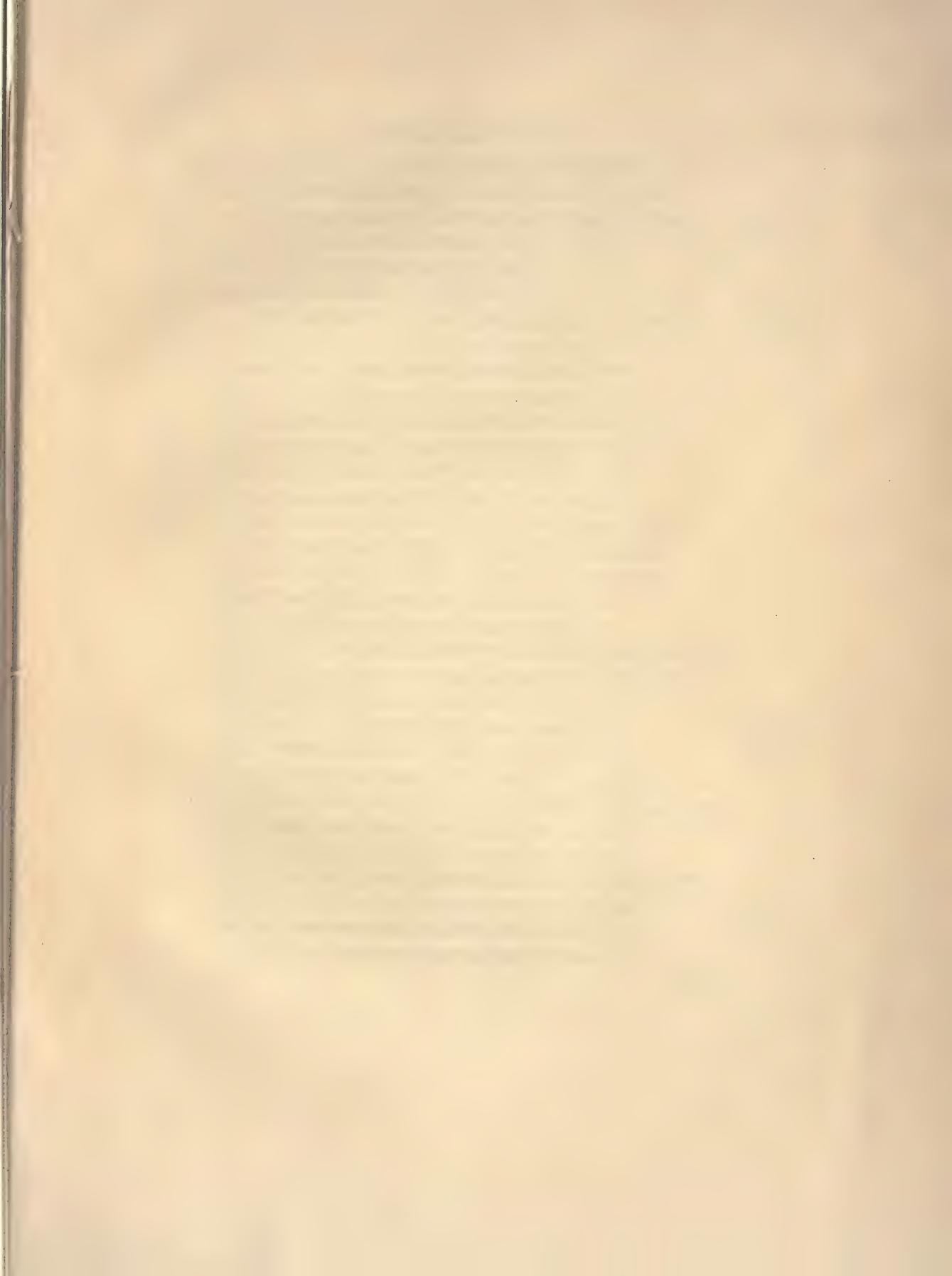
I pray

An Enterlude of the Repentance

I pray you most holy Iustification,
Of this sentence to make a declaration.

A question right necessary to be moued,
For therby many errors shall be reprooued,
It were a great errour for any man to beleue
That your loue dyd deserve that Christ shold forgeue
Your synnes or trespasses, or any synne at all:
For so to beleue is an errour sanactical.
And how can your loue desyze forgiuenesse of your yl
Seing that the law it is not able to fulfill?
The law thus commaundeth as touchyng loue:
Thou shalt loue thy Lord God as it doth behoue,
With al thy hert, with al thy soule, & w al thy stregh,
And thy neighbor as thy self. He saith also at length:
There was never man borne yet that was able,
To performe these preceptes iust, holy, and stable,
Sue onely Jesus Christ, that lambe most innocent
Which fulfilleth the law for suche as are penitent:
But loue foloweth forgiuenesse of synnes euermore,
As a fruict of faith, and goth not before,
In that parable which vnto you he recited,
Wherin he declared your sinnes to be acquitted,
He called you a detter not able to pay.
Then your loue paid not your dets perceiue you may
The forgiuenesse of your sinnes you must referre,
Only to Christes grace, then you shall not erre,
Of this thing playn knowledge you may haue
In these wordes go in peace thy fayth doth thee saue.
So by faith in Christ you haue Iustification
frely of his grace, and beyond mans operation,
The which Iustification here I do represent,
Which remayn with all suche as be penitent.

Heres





of Mary Magdalene.

Here commeth loue a speciall fruicte of faith,
As touchyng this, heare mekely what he saith.

O how much am I vnto Jesus Christ bound, Mary
In whom so great mercy & goodnesse I haue found :
Not onely my synfull lyfe he hath renued.
But also with many graces he hathe me endued,

I am named loue, from true faith procedyng,
Where I am, there is no vertue nedyng, Loue en
treth.
Loue commyng of a conscience immaculate,
And of a faith not fained nor simulate,
Is the end of the law as Scripture doth say,
And vnto eternall felicitie the very path way :
This loue grounded in faith, as it is sayd,
Hath caused many enylys in men to be layd.
For where as the loue of God in any is perfite,
There in all good wrokis is his whole delite.
This true loue with Mary was present verily,
When to Christ she shewed that obsequie,
But this loue dyd procede from belene,
When Christ of his mercy dyd hir sinnes forgeue,
Loue deserued not forgeuenesse of sinnes in dede,
But as a fruite therof truely it did succede.

Of this matter we might tary very long,
But then we should do our audience wrong,
Which gently hath heard vs here a long space,
Wherfore we will make an end nowe by Gods grace,
Praying God that all we example may take
Of Mary, our synfull lyues to forslake :
And no more to looke backe, but to go forward still
folowyng Christ as he did and his holy will.

Such persons we introduce into presence, Loue.
To declare the conuersion of hir offence.

I.iii.

Fyfth

An Enterluge or the Repentance

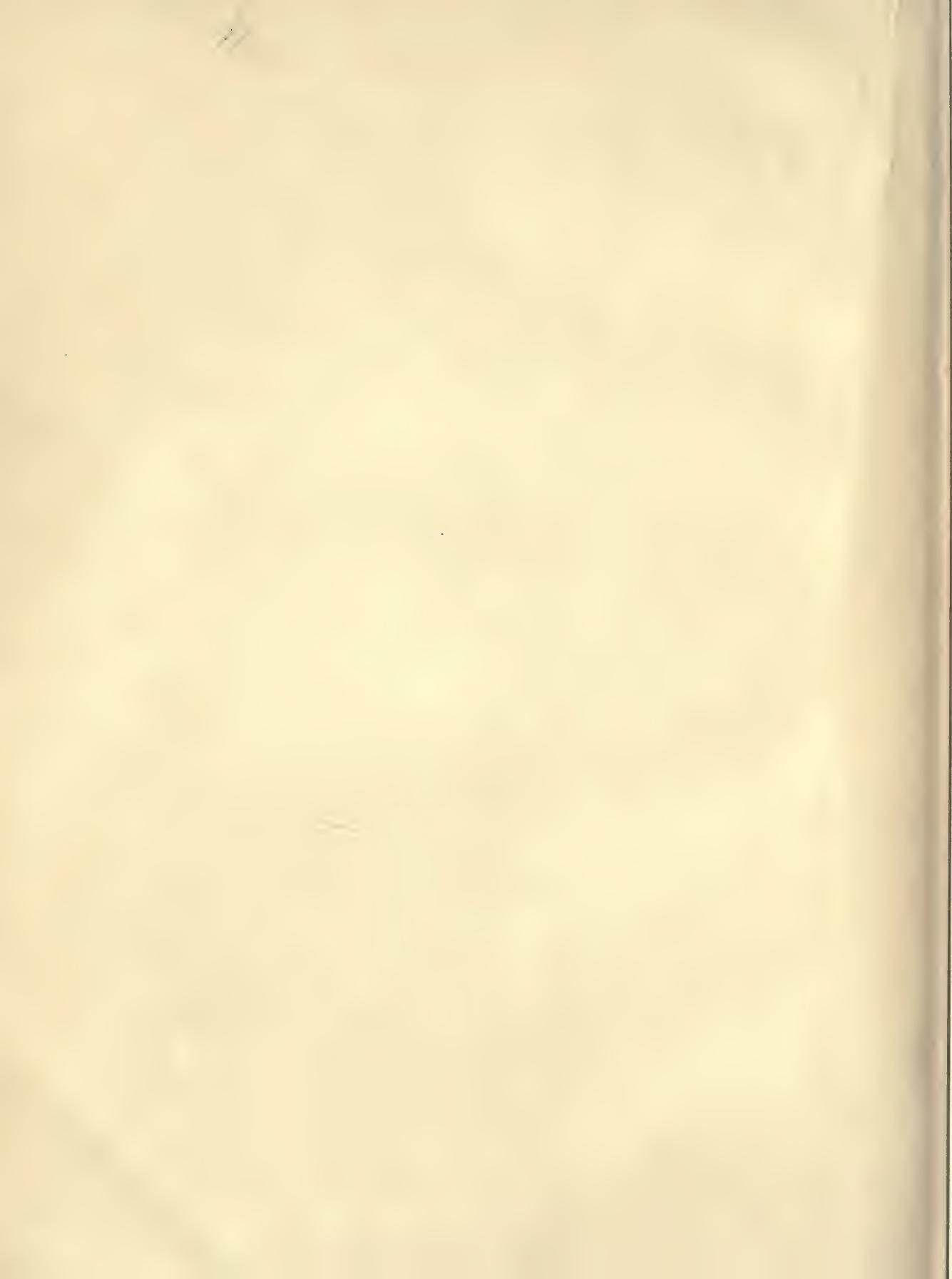
Fyrt, she lawe made a playne Declaration,
That she was a chylde of eternall damnation:
By hearyng of the lawe came knowledge of synne,
Then for to lament truely she dyd begynne.
Nolhyng but desperation dyd in hit remayne,
Lokyng for none other comforst but for hell payne,
But Christ whose nature is mercy to haue,
Came into this wold synners to saue,
Which preached repentance synnes to forgeue,
To as many as in hym faithfully dyd beleue.
By the word came faith, Faith brought penitence,
But bothe the gyft of Gods magnificence.
Thus by faith onely, Marie was iustified,
Like as before it is playnly verified,
From thens came loue, as a testification
Of Gods mercy and her iustification.

Mary. Now God graunt that we may go the same way,
That with ioy we may ryse at the last day,
To the saluation of soule and body euermore,
Through Christ our Lord, to whom be all hono^r.

FINIS.







2

1. *Leucostoma* *luteum* (L.) Pers.

2. *Leucostoma* *luteum* (L.) Pers.

3. *Leucostoma* *luteum* (L.) Pers.

4. *Leucostoma* *luteum* (L.) Pers.

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14. *Leucostoma* *luteum* (L.) Pers.

15. *Leucostoma* *luteum* (L.) Pers.

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